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IN GOD'S ARMY

I.

COMMANDERS-IN-CHIEF

St. Ignatius Loyola.

Frontispiece

IN GOD'S ARMY

I.

COMMANDERS-IN-CHIEF

ST. IGNATIUS LOYOLA

ST. FRANCIS XAVIER

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C. C. MARTINDALE S.J.

AUTHOR OF
"CHRIST'S CADETS: ST. ALOYSIUS GONZAGA, ST. STANISLAUS KOSTKA, ST. JOHN BERCHMANS"

SECOND AND REVISED EDITION

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TO THE MEMORY OF

CECILIA COUNTESS OF DENBIGH

[I make no excuse for reprinting what I put in the first edition of this book. It is what I still like to write.]

You said, dear Lady Denbigh, that you would find pleasure in having this small book dedicated to you when it should be written. Here it is, then; and I am especially glad it contains St. Francis Xavier. Not, as you quite well imagine, that it is to supersede the memory of the little thumbed, purple-covered, rain-sodden *Life*, or of any *Life*. For these studies are not *Lives*. In them I give nothing complete, not even in outline. I make no lists of miracles or catalogues of virtues, no account of posthumous cult or honours. But if this or that be omitted, it is so simply for the sake of my object, which is to make the character of the Saint stand out intelligibly, within a very brief compass. By this I don't mean what was "merely human," "exclusively natural," in

him. You can't divide, in a living person, natural from supernatural, as with a hatchet. All Christians are "supernatural" men; but each Christian is different from his neighbour. It is the "personal accent," so to call it, of these Saints which I have wished to catch, and I should like so to write that a reader may perhaps feel he has met, and in some measure been in genuine soul-contact with them, for by soul-contact alone souls are changed. Virtue went out of Christ because His soul and the sick woman's were "in contact"; yet that contact incarnated itself, so to say, in the touching by her of His garment's fringe. So in these pages I should love to think some one or two might touch the extremest verge of the garments of God's Saints. How glad, too, should I be if you found in them as sane an air as that which poured so pleasantly through your many and wide-windowed house.

C. C. MARTINDALE.

FOREWORD

A WORD of explanation, and perhaps even of excuse, is requested by the title of this special section. When I wrote the studies of the three young Saints which compose its third part, it was, as may be noticed, the vivid individuality, and especially the masculinity, of each which struck me. Yet by the title *Christ's Cadets* I meant that I had thought of them, at that time, rather as the younger members of His family than as His younger soldiers. When, however, it was suggested to me that I should continue the series, I tried to find a title somewhat analogous to *Christ's Cadets* for further volumes that I foresaw. Calling, therefore, the entire section *In God's Army*, I chose *Commanders-in-Chief* and *Captains of Christ* to describe the Saints they should include, thereby attaching a definitely military significance to

the name "Cadet." I should like, then, to emphasize that no elaborate parallel is meant to be here worked out between the career of a soldier in any European army, and of the Saints whose character I am trying to examine. Still less, of course, do I hint that Loyola and Xavier were in any exclusive way "Commanders-in-Chief," any more than Gonzaga, Kostka, and Berchmans are unique in the Church's canon. I repeat that these chapters do not form *Lives*, but are selective studies of the Saints from special points of view. If this statement be seen to recur under one form or another in each of these studies, that is partly for the sake of avoiding misapprehension, but more that each of the small volumes which compose this series may be separately intelligible, and even that each study they contain may be self-sufficient.

I should add that no sort of original research has been incorporated here. I have used only the ordinary *Lives;* for St. Ignatius, Astrain's *Historia de la Compañia de Jesús en la Asistencia de España, I, San Ignacio de Loyola ;* Fouqueray's *Histoire de la Compagnie de Jésus en France,* I. i.-iii.; the *Lives* by Stewart Rose

and Francis Thompson, the *Testament* and *Letters* of St. Ignatius, and a few magazine articles and reviews; for St. Francis Xavier, only Father Brou's monumental *Life*, which, save for the specialist, who will go to the most recent publications of original Xaveriana, is enough for anybody.

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I.

COMMANDERS-IN-CHIEF

ST. IGNATIUS LOYOLA
ST. FRANCIS XAVIER

IN GOD'S ARMY

ST. IGNATIUS LOYOLA

WHAT is it that changes the world ? Events ? ideas ? or men ? Not mere inhuman events, certainly. An earthquake, even of Messina; a volcanic eruption, even of Mont Pelée; the sinking of a *Titanic*, do not jerk the globe off its axis. Doubtless the advent or recession of a Glacial Period; the depression of a continent below sea-level or its reappearance would alter history; but these processes are too gradual or too wholesale to be given, in its ordinary sense, the name "event." Therefore, not just the cannon-ball at the bygone siege, of which we shall have to tell, is, half-jestingly, to be offered as the cause of that tremendous influencing of the world's history we are to speak of, though had its rebound from the battered wall never wounded Don Iñigo of Loyola, who can foresee his career !

Ideas, then ? That is far nearer truth. It was the ideas set sailing down the wind by a

Rousseau, for instance, which, far rather than any grinding tax or aristocratic privilege, settled maddeningly in men's brains, and bred the Revolution.

Yet, on the whole, it is a man who is wanted. The idea must, in our world of men, become incarnate. Rousseau's book was powerful; but, on the whole, the world is not converted just by books. The greatest converting force the world has seen is Christianity; but Christianity is Christ, not the Bible, nor even the New Testament. That collection of biography, annals, letters, and meditations was one inspired product of the great upheaval, but not its cause, or even its occasion. Therefore you want the Man, who, fired by the Idea, shall do the Thing. You want the Genius, the artist; and then you want the artificer, the laborious, efficient second-in-command to realize the conception. When these two are combined, you get one of those very rare apparitions, the genuine Superman, in the only tolerable sense. For that "genius is an infinite capacity for taking pains" is of all epigrams the most wantonly untrue. As a rule, to take pains, to move step by step, to be accurate, reasonable, and satisfactory from a business point of view, is exactly what a genius cannot be. He sees in a

flash the solution of a mathematical problem, or the exact word or rhythm to use in a composition; but not by any sort of means can he explain to a plodding class of boys the steps leading to the solution, the rule accounting for the rightness of the phrase or construction. Music spouts upward in his brain: he chafes if he be forced to write it down; though once it is on paper, behold! a masterpiece of which he, the Master, is free furiously to alter the score at the last moment. Poetry pours from his pen, and well after it is written he sees what it all means, and perhaps not even then, nor till his critics have pointed it out to him. Thus far, at least, in this working preferably by intuitions, his mind is feminine. If, however, there be added to this the masculine power of practical hard work (not that, by any means, women are incapable of most heroic drudgery; tenacity may almost be regarded as a feminine virtue), then, indeed, the world is his to do what he likes with. On the whole, men don't do more work than they need. The few colossal workers, even without genius, achieve much. For permanence is an almost Divine quality in an essentially shifting world, and the man who is always making is very nearly creating. But when, once more, the meteoric genius, with his

flash and flame, does not disdain the dowdiness of the glow-worm (I assume for the sake of the comparison that the glow-worm is not a lazy creature), when the man of vision is also a man of business, all things are his. Such, I wish to argue, was Iñigo of Loyola. I do not mean that he was unique, except in so far as each real genius, like St. Thomas's angels, is a species in himself. St. Benedict contained and liberated a force capable of holding Europe together when by every human law she ought, with the Roman Empire, to have perished into fragmentary corruption. St. Francis of Assisi poured into the world from his radiant soul a spirit of joyous love of God and of the world in God, so powerful that no one, however divorced in belief from that Troubadour of Christ, is insensible to it. Ignatius, too, founded a religious order, and that is much. He, too, rolled back, through his sons, the tide of anarchy in religion which was sweeping down from Germany: more hazardous enterprise, he sought to christen that Greek rebirth of learning which was glitteringly confronting the old austere religion. Herein St. Thomas of Aquino, a giant of Thought, had shot whole worlds beyond him. Still, in the practical sphere, Ignatius undoubtedly here saw to the altering

of the European currents. Without more talk, let us be sure that with men like Augustine, Hildebrand, or Bernard, Ignatius deserves to have his place, there to be studied even by the least loving unbeliever. To every Catholic his name ought to be significant and, perhaps, most dear.

I.

CONVERSION

1491—1534

"He holds on firmly to some thread of life . . .
Which runs across some vast distracting orb
Of glory on each side that meagre thread,
Which, conscious of, he must not enter yet—
The spiritual life around the earthly life!
The law of that is known to him as this—
His heart and brain move there, his feet stay here.
So is the man perplext with impulses,
Sudden to start off crossways, not straight on,
Proclaiming what is Right and Wrong across—
And not along—this black thread thro' the blaze."

AN EPISTLE FROM KARSHISH.

I.

IÑIGO DE LOYOLA was born in the year in which Columbus sailed on his world-transforming voyage. Embedded in the dull buildings of a college, made pompous by the unlucky façade of their rococo church, stands what remains of the ancient castle of Loyola. Between the little towns of Azpeitia and Azcoitia, in the Basque province of Guipuzcoa, the castle had

already outlasted many long centuries, when in 1456 its tower of massive stone was, by royal command, half pulled down, to be rebuilt by Iñigo's grandfather with the burnt brick you see to-day. It had come to Lope de Oñaz, in the thirteenth century, with the heiress Inés de Loyola, and these families had gone from within its walls to accomplish their somewhat magnificent history. Heavily had this history left its mark upon the mind of Don Beltran Yanez de Oñaz y Loyola, whose wife Marina Saenz de Licona y Balda died, it would seem, soon after the birth of her thirteenth child, a boy christened Enico, or Iñigo, after a local Saint. To a pious aunt was committed something of the child's first upbringing; but not to her was Don Beltran for entrusting his son's formation, and he was still a boy when he passed from the gloomy grandeur of the province to the Court of King Ferdinand, where his kinsman the Duke of Najera stood sponsor to him.

Iñigo lived there in a foreground of incomparable brilliance, while upon every horizon (save that Atlantic sky whither the westward-travelling sun of civilization was shooting forth new beams) brooded war-clouds already thunderous with cannon. Iñigo should, one day,

hear more than their distant echo. At present the learning of war was a schoolroom business and a game; he studied tactics with professors; he fenced daily and danced nightly; and as he grew, with swift Spanish adolescence, ladies laughed lightly towards the olive-skinned youth with his coal-black hair, not tall, but supple and very strong, who wrote them awkward love-lyrics illuminated in scarlet, gold, and blue by his own hand. But among the constellation of great Court dames she whom Iñigo chose as his star was "neither Countess nor Duchess," as he afterwards declared, "but loftier than either." To what royal dame did his vaulting ambition soar? To the Princess Katherine, daughter of the Queen-Dowager of Naples? To Germaine de Foix, a star-out-of-reach, the youthful wife of Ferdinand himself?* Conjecture here is waste of time. Impertinent, too, were it to penetrate Ignatius's reserve as to his general behaviour at this period, to yield (as rival biographers have done) to the temptation of making him into a rake reformed, or a courtier-Saint from his cradle. Suffice it to say that later on Ignatius would sometimes put a nervous penitent, with much

* Father Genelli, S.J., Ignatius's biographer, suggests these two names.

to confess, at his ease by relating to him his own past life. Now the frightened sinner would hardly have been much relieved by hearing that Ignatius had sometimes had distractions at his prayers. . . .

Thus, by a period of flamboyantly fine clothes, of reading of romances, of daring feats of horsemanship and skill in the tourney, by much singing of love-sonnets to the guitar, was the real life prefaced—the life of soldiering, to which Iñigo, after all, supremely looked forward.

Where did he first fight? In Italy, perhaps, where two of his brothers fell, under Gonsalvo de Cordova, who had married Najera's sister. Perhaps in Navarre, already at Pamplona, under Najera himself. Anecdotes are few: he was loved by his soldiers, he quieted their quarrels, and averted mutiny even in the field. Already his quelling personality is manifest. He was impetuous, but too proud to swear or lie. An insult struck him into instant flame; but the second impulse succoured him; he scorned to draw his sword too lightly. Brought up to a somewhat haughty submission to the proprieties of religion, and a yearly pilgrim as a boy to Compostella, he suffered no indecencies done to church or convent, and

once held up a whole streetful of rabble till a priest whom they were molesting should escape.

In 1512 Ferdinand annexed Navarre and made Najera Viceroy. Four years later he died. Cardinal Ximenez, Regent for Charles V., in suppressing the immediate insurrection, razed the castles of Navarre, among them Xavier. Iñigo had work of his own. He stormed Najera in revolt, entered it brandishing his sword, and gallantly, or disdainfully, refused all share in loot. By 1521 Iñigo was stationed in the ill-fortified, ill-garrisoned town of Pamplona. The French allies, once more invading, bombarded it. The inhabitants, French in sympathy, and the commanding officers, undesirous to be massacred, were for surrender; Iñigo, for holding out. He recalled a classic precedent. Æneas, goddess-born, destined founder of Rome—well, even he seemed to Iñigo contemptible, as he fled from doomed and blazing Troy. . . . The French march into the town, and prepare to assault the citadel. The Commander, with Iñigo and two others, go forth to parley. The terms are humiliating. Iñigo spurns them, and carries the day. The Spaniards retire. Iñigo confesses to a fellow-officer, harangues the soldiery, takes his stand

at the wall in the hottest of the fire. A cannon-ball dislodges a stone, which strikes his left leg; the ball itself, ricochetting, smashes his right. When he recovers consciousness, he is in the French camp, a prisoner, and Pamplona has fallen.

The French, courteous conquerors, set the bone, nursed him for a fortnight, and then freed their gallant foe unransomed. He presented to them his helmet, shield, and sword, and was carried to Loyola. The bone, ill-set, threatened a deformity. "Break it and reset it," ordered he. He clenched his hands, and took the torment silently. But fever fastened on him. Delirium racked him; he began to sink; the last Sacraments were administered. Thereupon a vision of St. Peter visited him; he awoke refreshed, and wrote a poem in honour of his celestial physician. But, alas! the unskilful surgery had left the bone of the right leg protruding beneath the knee. Trunk-hose, such as Sir Willoughby Patterne should have worn, were a necessity to the array of a Spanish hidalgo. Iñigo could not imagine himself forbidden them. "Open the wound," he commanded the physicians, who warned him of worse sufferings than any he had yet borne. "Saw the bone off." The hideous

operation was performed, Don Martin, his brother, aghast at this indomitable will which dictated these tortures rather than fail in fashion. Worse, for weeks an iron frame dragged at the shortened limb, in the hopes of at least diminishing the limp Iñigo never wholly lost.

Iñigo lay there, not chafing, for his own will had bound him to his rack. Yet the appalling heats of the midsummer told upon his nerves: solitude tried his resolution; he sought to stimulate the exhausted brain by tales of chivalry. He asked for a romance. We catch ourselves smiling when we hear that a *Life of Christ* by a Carthusian, and some stories about the Saints, were all that the unlettered castle could offer the bored and feverish soldier. He grumbled, but he read. And lo! a challenge to his ambition. Long ago, Augustine, confronted by the legions of the chaste, boys and maidens, and grown men and women, heard that pertinacious questioning: "What these could do, cannot you?" To Iñigo it seemed confession of weakness when, reading the deeds of Francis or Dominic, he heard timid instinct whisper: "*I* never could do that!"

But from these troublesome alarms the accustomed brain would lapse back into its

gallant reveries: his Lady's face smiled, provocative, a ray in the dark sick-chamber; for two, three, or four hours together she riveted his attention. He pictured their next meeting —how it should be led up to; its sweet surprise; the clothes he would wear; the conversation which should follow, composed entirely of that secret code which he and his mistress had compiled together, a bafflement for the uninitiated. He brooded on new feats at the joust which should do homage to her. . . . But the reveries themselves were anxious; they left him still questioning, still distressedly conscious that across the accustomed harmony a new voice, dissonant yet comforting, was making itself heard.

Suddenly he yielded. Iñigo was converted. Watch him before we examine his strange case. Something has happened to this man which has altered him and his world. He will rise from bed, disguise himself, walk barefoot to Jerusalem. He inquires of the Carthusians at Burgos as to their mode of life. He watches the night out, praying. Mary dawns upon him, quenching the lesser light;* he vows himself

* Ignatius, speaking in the third person of himself, says that after his vision of Our Lady a loathing seized him for the former deeds of his life, especially for

to her service, and the castle of Loyola is shaken to its foundations by the impotent rage of Satan. Meanwhile he copies some three hundred pages of holy sayings, and devoutly illustrates them, and cannot cease talking of religious things. He lies for hours, gazing at what stars his tiny window shows. Convalescent, he decides to start for Jerusalem. He will go, he announces, on a visit to the Duke of Najera. His brother, nervous of this new unknown Ignatius, begs him not to forget he is a Loyola, nor disgrace the name. With two servants and another brother he visits his sister, "repays Our Lady's visit" at the Shrine of Aranzazu, calls on the Duke, and dismisses his companions.

Mounted on his mule (for one foot was still unhealed), he started for the shrine of Our Lady of Montserrat. On the road occurred the immortal incident of the Moor. This traveller, unconverted by any edict, and talkative to imprudence, rode alongside of Ignatius, and disputed with him touching the virginity of Mary, his chosen Lady. Ignatius argued;

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those relating to carnal desires, and he seemed to feel the phantasms of all such things passing out of his soul. From that hour to August, 1555 (when he dictated this), he never yielded consent, even in the slightest degree, to any desire of that kind.

the Moor, galled, spurred his steed and made off. In failing to avenge his Lady's honour with the dagger, had he not, Ignatius asked himself, played the recreant knight—proved himself no true gentleman? The scruple harassed him. . . . The road, he perceived, was about to branch. Tossing the reins on his mule's neck, he left it to the dumb beast's guidance, whether he should follow the broad path chosen by the Moor and slay him, or the narrow mountain track and let him go. The wise mule made upwards towards the shrine, and the errant knight was saved. On the way he bought a strange disguise; and lo! the gallant, but lately braving agony for the sake of shapely hose, equipped with black sackcloth to the ankle, girt with a hempen cord, his wounded foot shod with a sandle of plaited grass. Thus did he reach the huge monastery in its eyrie of the Jagged Rocks, and, in the loftiest cell, the Hermitage of the Good Thief, he made a general confession to its tenant which lasted three days. He details his intended way of life, and receives God's sanction. He gives his mule to the monastery, his rich clothes to a beggar. Himself he tells how, incited by memories of the chivalrous romance *Amadis de Gaul*, he determined to do vigil,

like old-time candidates for knighthood, before God's altar. He therefore, attired in sackcloth, hempen-girdled, stood the long night of March 24-25, 1522, through before the shrine of his Royal Lady, and did vigil of the armour. Early on the Feast of the Annunciation, having hung up his sword and dagger at Mary's shrine, he left Montserrat, self-styled "the poor and nameless pilgrim."

II.

Down through the woods he limps; a pious widow meets him, and directs him to the Hospital of Santa Lucia, at Manresa. On the way an official from Montserrat overtakes him. Was it really true he had given his clothes to a beggar? (for the man had been arrested and interrogated), or had the miscreant robbed him? Ignatius, while exculpating him, sighed that not even in doing good could he help doing harm. He is housed in the hospital, tends the sick, prays by the seven-hours' stretch in the great Manresa church, reads daily the Passion during Mass, for to pray he knows not how. At night the bare floor, with a stone or log for pillow; for food, black bread and water once a day. Hair-cloth teases his skin; a heavy iron chain, or a girdle of prickly

leaves, chafes his loins. Unshorn, uncombed, with nails uncut, uncleaned, he is pursued by hooting boys, who call him "Father Sack." Four months he spends thus, surmounting his loathing for the squalid sick, and the fierce surge of wrath at insult. Near Manresa, facing Montserrat, was a bramble-choked cavern, some four feet broad by nine. Hereinto Ignatius crawled, and there abode in naked austerity. Upon the lyre of his soul plays every wind of God. Buoyant exultation has hitherto possessed him. Now, as he enters, exhausted, the church where he hears Mass, a chill forboding seizes him. "How shall I stand this life for forty years?" He resists; desolation and exultation sweep over him in waves; it is "putting one garment off and another on." "What," he asks himself, aghast, "is this unheard-of life I have entered upon?" He swoons, is tended by pious women, is lodged in a convent. Vainglory leaps upon him. By all this, he must surely long ago have merited his Paradise? Back swings the pendulum. Is he sure even *one* sin has been properly repented of? The period of general confessions must be passed through by this scruple-tortured, ill-directed soul. Prayer suffocates him; Communion goads to madness. "As for

me," he cries, despairing of any relief in God or man, "if I had to go after a dog's whelp and take my cure from him, I would do it." In the convent a deep pit gaped. It summoned him insistently: suicide was the one way out of it. He vows not to eat or drink till his temptations shall be conquered. After a week, empty of food, bloody with penance, he is refused absolution by his confessor if he will not eat. Yet a few days, and peace returns.

Peace, and with it revelation. As to St. Paul, in whose church he was praying, after the catalogue of persecutions (never wholly to be closed) comes the period of celestial apocalypse. Still from time to time the growl of distant thunders is to be heard; but the sky, cleared now of its clouds and washed with heavy rain, shines serene and beyond its wont refulgent. The spiritual experience of sixty-two years, he said afterwards, could not altogether equal what he then saw. The plan and order observed by God in the creation of the world; the manner of the Incarnation of the Word, and of the Presence of Christ in the Eucharist; the Humanity of Jesus, the essential mystery of the Trinity—all this he "sees," and, in intelligence of his faith, feels himself another man. As for the "manner" of his seeing, it was in-

terior wholly. As for the symbols under which he saw what he saw, they were inexplicable in words, because they had nothing to do with thought. They were an immediate spiritual perception, so much so that the Sacred Humanity itself was perceived by him spiritually, not in time nor space, "without distinction of member, joint, or limb." Pharaoh's magicians, by lying miracles, imitated the wonders worked by Moses. Something that was not God—vexed brain and nerves, or malicious spiritual influences—mimicked grotesquely the diviner revelation. A spiral of light, coiling and uncoiling, starred with focussed fires—a "serpent," he pathetically writes, "which was no serpent," spotted with "eyes which were not eyes"—writhed hypnotically in his brain. The cool brilliance drugged sensation and soothed him, but his conscience was against it, he would strike out with his stick, and the illusion went like smoke.

He looks beyond himself. Some of his experiences—scruples, visions, methods of choice and prayer—he notes down for his own and others' use. These will form the *Exercises*. He dreams of a return to the world, to warfare, but for Christ this time — to a crusading company, a novel army, in which he, with

equal comrades, shall fight for the supremest Captain. This conception of a Kingdom of Christ puts the last match to the latent trains of thought disposed in Ignatius's soul. He falls into trance, and lies, on the old brick pavement you now see under glass, unconscious for a week. Recovering, he can but exclaim, "O Jesus ! Jesus !" Later, when argued with about some point of his rule or institute, he would burke discussion by the final words, "Thus I saw it at Manresa." Already, devout women gather round him; they pray, copy him in his constant reading of the Gospels, shock opinion by communicating once a week; get nicknamed "las Iñigistas." He preaches, mingles with all classes, sits hearing them and asking them questions. So vivid is his immediate perception of God that he will declare that one hour's mental prayer can teach him more than all the doctors of the Church could do—that were all Scripture and all human testimony to the Faith to perish, the evidence of his personal experience would suffice for him to welcome martyrdom. Meanwhile, in all Manresa and Barcelona, he declares, not one person spiritual enough to help him could he find save one old woman, whose words, "Oh, that Christ our Lord would one day appear to

you !" first, perhaps, lifted him from the plane of material things to that of the spiritual. Assuredly, great sanctity will be this man's if he be humble; else, great heresy. In either case, how unerringly, from afar, is the shadow of the Inquisition falling upon his life !

Let us pause a moment before leaving this enchanted world of hermits and caves and trances; of mysterious ladies and illuminated missals; of Satanic earthquake shocks; these fevered imaginings of suicide, predestination, with their dramatic background of Montserrat, savagely jagged against the Spanish sky. Let who will trace in this strange story of conversion a phenomenon of nervous shock, the ghastly fruit of a sick-bed tortured by cruel medicine into madness; of "suggestion" emanating from one or two pious books perused in the twilit castle. Let him, then, explain how from this period, externally so fantastic and remote from us, emerges a man, changed utterly and throughout, destined to a long life of unremitting, calculated, logical self-discipline; of slow, careful, selective self-extension; of a formative, creative power; capable of dealing with men; of marshalling and captaining an army unique in history, and destined to outlast centuries. Not mythical is the tale of his

earlier efforts; not madness is their explanation.

Alone in the world, the Catholic Church believes in and proclaims, in every department of life, the existence of the supernatural.* The intellectual life, her philosophy teaches, is as real as that of the senses, though not to be grasped by mere unaided sense. Similarly, a supernatural life exists, as her dogma declares and her theology narrates, which is as real as the intellectual, though never to be grasped adequately by the intellect. In all baptized Christians this life is infused at baptism. The mysterious Fact is in them, latent, possibly dormant, as intelligence lies hidden in the child. In some this life expires; in others it flickers, sinks, and flares, like the thoughts of the half-witted. In some it bursts its way out explosively, a spiritual Vesuvius or Stromboli. In all the awakening of the intellectual life is, save when the guidance has been gradual and exquisitely tactful, accompanied by some shock and jar. Often it is a pathetic comedy to watch one, unaccustomed to thought, in travail with an idea that struggles to be born, and somehow is not viable. Let it but

* She has her grotesque imitators, like the serpent-imitation of Iñigo's divine visions, such as Theosophy.

succeed, and his delight with this his offspring is delirious. He catches it up, nurses it, dreams about it, and thinks no idea has ever yet been its equal. A practical man, in possession of one such dominant and new idea, may very well run amok with it and do untold harm. All his perspective and plan of life is suddenly and violently changed. The existent seems crooked and awry. By it he reinterprets all things. There is a Futurist painting called, I think, "Revolt," really not insignificant in its symbolism. The rebel battalions, fiery-red, impinge on dull-hued houses, vulgar, four-square, conventional, row on row. But, behold! the rows of houses seem tilted, conceived of on another plane, needing a twisting of the eye and mind to get them "right." For to the rebel they are *not* right. They are not merely *weaker* than himself, uglier than himself, yet, in the ultimate issue, of one nature with himself; but they are essentially other—almost in a different "dimension," impossible of correlation, as they stand, with his spiritual processes. A boy will tell you, and your own distant memories may remind you, and an optician might explain it, that should you stoop—on the cricket-field, for instance—and peer backwards between your knees, the well-known view will

look, not merely upside down, but odd somehow, uncanny, not to be dealt with as of yore. Absurd examples, if you will, but somewhat of an illustration of that dislocation of one's customary view, that more than mere *addition* which comes to it when a new, dominant idea swims into the brain, or (still more) when the whole intellectual life bursts into being. All action is erratic, ill-managed, dishearteningly "out." You have to *learn to see*, even as a blind man must, to whom sight, suddenly given, teaches nothing about distances, solidity, or relativity.

What, then, when the supernatural life is suddenly born, or reborn, or leaps into maturity? When a man, from having been blind, deaf, dumb, and paralyzed, has to learn to see and judge, to walk, to understand a language wholly new, and to speak out his experiences in a language utterly old, and all at once? No wonder he fumbles, trips, utters ludicrous outcries, misjudges amounts, distances, weights; imagines, now, that he has conquered everything, now, that he is for ever incapable of anything. What wonder if, to the others, he seem mad? So to his own self he seems, and the madder, according to the perfection of his ability to deal with life on the old transcended

plane. Or, if in his new world he seem sane to himself, then will his old life, and the actual life of his unconverted fellows, seem mad, and he will cry aloud to them to come away and save their souls. The one thing he cannot do is to multiply the new into the old, to synthetize, to take an inclusive vision of a whole. His world is at war; existence clashes within itself. Let us, then, bravely say that he who takes the Catholic interpretation of Iñigo's experience is utterly at ease. Nothing disconcerts him—neither the present, when he watches Iñigo at his odd spiritual pranks, such a fool for Christ; nor the future, when Ignatius will be so rational, so resolute, so efficient, so spiritually worldly-wise. He has no obligation whatever to assert that all the actions, moods, and ideals of Iñigo in the first hours of his conversion are proportionate and absolutely satisfactory; nor any temptation at all to yield to the rationalist suggestion that they are the product of a *merely* sick and unbalanced brain, and of a nervous system tortured into hysteria. God is gradually fulfilling Himself in a human creature: later on, the exquisite adaptation of grace to nature will be manifest. At first it is a fight, and, for the time being, whatever fights is spoilt.

III.

I count as "conversion period" everything up to Iñigo's definite inception of his Society, which, after one or two false starts, occurred in 1534. Up to then he was still finding himself; at best, establishing and perfecting what he had found.

After ten months at Manresa, he left it on his pilgrimage. "Father Sack" began to consult propriety. He cut his hair, trimmed his beard, and cleaned his nails. He changed horsehair gown for cloth coat, and wore a hat and shoes, and so started for Barcelona. Was this a slackening off—tepidity? Dare we surmise that to the fiery hidalgo respectability was worse than rags? There is a romance of mendicancy; all extremes have the aristocratic value of sheer extremity. A host of dingy adjectives begin now to be applicable to Iñigo and take the sting out of his personality.* But just as his high-breeding relentlessly pierced through, even in his most ragged days, so now in his hour of decent middle-classism, "often the man's soul springs into his face. As if he saw again and heard again His sage that bade

* Yet this is little to what he will endure when his duty shall bid him live perpetually in a mental suburb.

him 'Rise,' and he did rise." Iñez Pascual had speeded him from Manresa; Canon Antonio Pujol, her brother, accompanied him; Isabel Roser, suddenly conscious of all Heaven in his eyes, as he sits among children on an altar's step, welcomes and mothers him. Alternately snubbed and worshipped, always begging his way, by boat and on foot, with many quaint adventures, he reaches Rome; Adrian VI. gives him his pilgrim's licence; with difficulty (for his grey, haggard face suggests that he is plague-stricken) he reaches Venice, and thence, storm-tossed, fever-racked, almost marooned for his denunciation of his shipmates' immoralities, he reaches the Holy City, intending to dwell there by the Sepulchre, converting Jews and Turks and hereticks. Precisely! All sorts of political rules exist for maintaining peace; but Iñigo will never observe the regulations. Diplomacy forbids his stay. Scarcely has he written ecstatic, detailed letters home to Iñez, when the Franciscan provincial sorrowfully orders the firebrand to depart. Iñigo obeys, first, though, with his incurable Spanish realism, visiting Mount Olivet to see the print of Christ's ascending feet left on the rock; he bribes the Turkish sentinel with a penknife for this privilege. Departing, he remembers he

failed to note the way the feet had pointed; scissors are his toll this time, but the friars get rid of the spellbound pilgrim with a stick.

Back, then, by way of Venice, to Spain. But, as he read one day in the Gospel, "And they understood none of these things," he realized suddenly that for his apostolate learning, education (in short) was necessary, and he knew himself uneducated. He had been able to hold his own in Court and camp; he could speak of love and of war, and could persuade. Which, then, of his new experiences had taught him that, as things stood, no unaccredited "hot gospeller" could hope to win credence in the things of the spirit? That the day for non-graduate apostles was over? That a modern Paul must, like the first, have sat at the feet of his compatriot professors? Or what subconsciously accumulated conviction did the chance sentence from the Gospel thrust to the surface? To speculate is idle: observe his action.

He reaches Barcelona;* Isabel Roser assists

* A most characteristic incident occurred on the way. Arrested as a spy, stripped naked in search for papers, with every prospect of being hanged, Ignatius wrestled with the temptation which bade him drop the boorish manners and accent he had adopted, and resume his signorial demeanour, and thus meet the

him; Iñez Pascual boards him in her house, in part cotton-factory; Canon Antonio Pujol gives him the run of his library; a schoolmaster offers to teach him Latin gratuitously. All this, that the converted soldier might acquire an art he never was cut out for. His memory had never been used for declensions, and could not keep them. His intelligence was practical, and had no use for future participles and the sequence of tenses. Yet the grown man, the irascible soldier, the fastidious, punctilious patrician, sat on benches with little boys, and stood up to answer, and could not answer, and saw himself go down bottom, and took it all in good part for Christ, for whose sake he laboriously acquired a stiff-jointed and Spanish but far from ineffectual Latin. Remorselessly logical in all he did, he rigorously repelled the pious thoughts and feelings which invaded him when at his books. He begged the schoolmaster to flog him publicly before the boys if he caught him not attending. Thereupon the heavenly distraction ceased. Not that he suspended his direct work for souls. A characteristic incident stands out. A certain Barcelona convent,

officials on equal terms. He conquered, and was treated by the new Herods less as a criminal than as a fool, and as such was soundly beaten.

called *Of the Angels* (as men, with a wry smile, recalled), had reached the lowest limit in laxity. Iñigo went there and prayed; returned, prayed longer, and preached. The nuns altered their way of life. Twice their furious lovers attack their new evangelist, but he escapes. A third time two Moorish slaves are set on him and Pujol; the Canon, poor old man, dies from the blows; Iñigo, one pulp of bruises, lies for a month despaired of. The Last Sacraments cure him. He rises, and makes straight back to the Convent of the Angels. On his way his chiefest enemy meets him—converted, too; he implores pardon, weeping bitterly.

After two years Iñigo is pronounced competent; he removes, for higher studies, to Cardinal Ximenez's University of Alcalà.

At Alcalà Iñigo suddenly perceived that life was short, and that art had best be shortened too. He therefore settled on doing everything at once—logic, physics, and theology. His day was one mosaic of lectures, and in consequence he learnt nothing whatever. He filled his head with a soup of information, and grew muddled and disgusted. Had he been a clever youth, his farrago of jumbled facts and formulæ would have been ostentatiously and exasperatingly made traffic of; but the slightly

disillusioned modesty of middle age being his, he was just dissatisfied, and gave himself the readier to spiritual work. His success was astounding; young men grouped themselves about him; some even imitated him in his poverty and penitential life, and copied his grey serge cassock. Weekly Communion put the crown to what was becoming a clear scandal. Ignatius was frankly held to be a sorcerer by the people, a heretic by the authorities.

Rumour and denunciation (and which is the more mischievous ?) reaches the Inquisition at Toledo. Luther is in Germany: the "Enlightened" have been worrying Seville and Cadiz. Secret informations are taken. Ignatius and his disciples are pronounced innocent, only they must not dress alike, nor go barefoot. Ignatius and his friends dye their cassocks and buy shoes. Next, a lady is seen, while talking of religion with him, to remove, for the moment, her mantilla. Forthwith, gossip. It is decided, however, that that need prove nothing against Ignatius's morals. However, two other ladies settle on a kind of life pilgrimage from one hospital to another. Ignatius disapproves of feminine vagrants, however pious. Still, they start. Their guardian is furious, and appeals to Figueroa, Grand Vicar of the Archbishop of

Toledo, who had already tried the Saint. Ignatius was arrested, and, for the time, pleasantly lodged in an Inquisition cell, where he continued his instruction to crowds of learned and distinguished persons. After a considerable time Figueroa, who behaved throughout with a certain grave charm of dignity, assured Ignatius of his personal satisfaction that the Saint's intentions were innocent. "I should have been better pleased, though, had you avoided all novelty in your discourse." "I should not have thought," he replied, with dangerous meekness, "that it was a novelty to speak of Christ to Christians." The final sentence was that his life and doctrine were without reproach; but that, for sound reasons, he and his associates were to dress as ordinary students, and to hold no conferences, public or private, till they had finished their theology—that is, for four years.

Ignatius felt that life in this condition at Alcalà would be intolerable. He would migrate to Salamanca, first putting the whole case, however, before the Archbishop of Toledo, who approved, though owning he could not get the sentence rescinded unless Ignatius lodged a formal appeal, which he tactfully refused to do. Nothing annoys a subordinate

official so much as to be appealed against, and made to withdraw his censure, and no one is so likely to suffer as the newly whitewashed victim.

Alas ! not a fortnight had passed at Salamanca before the authorities grew anxious. His Confessor told Ignatius it " would be well " if he dined next Sunday at the Dominican Convent. He went with a disciple, Calixto. Why was the lanky Calixto so oddly dressed ? (His hat was too large, his tunic too short, his boots too small.) Well, he had been made to abandon his cassock ; and as for his student's clothes, he had given them away to a priest who needed them more than he did. These he had got from charity. The Sub-Prior approved highly ; he had heard marvels about their holy life and apostolic work. What had been their studies ? Nothing wonderful, Ignatius admitted. Why, then, did he preach ? He did not. He just talked, like this—after dinner, for instance—about Divine things. Aha ! what Divine things ? Virtues and vices. But to speak properly of virtues and vices, you must have been taught either by a theological professor or by the Holy Spirit. But not by a theological professor, therefore . . . ? " It were better," the impaled Ignatius answered,

"to talk no more about this." The priest insisted, threatening him with the suspected name "Erasmus." Ignatius said he would answer an authorized Superior. "We will soon make you tell," said the Sub-Prior. The doors were locked; the men were captives; but to their cells the friars came flocking. A division arose, some saying, "Lo, the Spirit!" others, "Let them be properly examined." Soon they were officially imprisoned, a new Paul and Silas, chained by one chain to a pillar. Their papers were given over to the Grand Vicar Frias, and in particular the *Spiritual Exercises*. Long formalities were observed: Ignatius made modest and sufficient answers to their catechism. Bidden to discourse, as he used, upon the First Commandment, he melted his judges themselves, whose hearts beat true beneath their plate-armour of ecclesiasticism, by his burning words upon the Love of God. At last declared innocent in life and doctrine, he was yet forbidden to define the distinction between mortal and venial sin (the only theological point over which he had really had to fight), "till he had finished his theology." He could not accept the injunction interiorly, though outside obedience he well might render. His chivalrous sense

of loyalty dictated this to be insufficient. Despite the kindly entreaties of Frias, he determined to leave for Paris. His companions did not follow him, and he left, as he came, alone.

For completeness' sake, let me anticipate, and finish with these incidents of Inquisitorial susceptibility. At Paris, Ignatius begins all over again, having so far mastered nothing. In the College of Montaigu he starts from the very bottom. Three disciples soon declare themselves, sell all, and follow Ignatius. The conventional are shocked: he is denounced to Ori, Grand Inquisitor at Paris, as sorcerer, ensnarer of youth, and runaway. Ignatius, away, as a matter of fact, at Rouen, exacts signed and sealed certificates, vouching for his instant return, the moment Ori's summons reached him. Still travel-stained, he invades Ori, and begs for speedy trial. All this, to prove he is no runaway. Ori yields at once: Ignatius shall be held innocent. However, his disciples desert him; he determines to avoid proselytism till degrees shall have been taken; friends congratulate him: how wise he is to keep quiet! *Surtout, point de zèle.* Still, he could not help himself. Spiritually he was a magnet. On Sundays philosophical

disputes were abandoned for prayer, the Scriptures, and the Sacraments. Peña, lecturer in philosophy at Ste. Barbe, complains. Gouvea, the Rector, resolves publicly to flog Ignatius, according to a rule relating to disorderly students. Stripped to the waist, a rebel ran between two double rows of professors, who struck him with rods, amid the jeers of assembled students. Ignatius, warned of this, felt his blood boil. For himself, his one principle was self-conquest. "Ass!" he cried. "It is vain to kick against the pricks. On, or I will drag thee thither." Amazing reduplication of the personality! Here, indeed, is the innermost "I" as Dictator, issuing its edicts to what it calls "*my* body," "*my* intelligence," "*my* choice," and the endless series is begun, wherein "I" will that "I" should will. . . .

The psychic victory once scored, he can dare to reflect upon his comrades. In his disgrace they, too, would be involved; in his shame, but not his strength, they would participate. They must be spared. He asks to see the furious Gouvea, and is admitted. What passed in that interview, who knows? But from it Rector and scholar came out, hand in hand, the Rector weeping, Ignatius

quietly triumphant. There were no rods, but the homage paid, before an astounded College, gathered for the sport of seeing Ignatius flogged, to that very Ignatius by his kneeling superior. His studies ran thenceforward their smooth course. In 1533 he was licentiate; in 1534, Master of Arts. Accused, however, once more, before leaving Paris, he extracted from his Inquisitor Laurent a written attestation of his orthodoxy and of that of the *Spiritual Exercises.* A similar attestation he obtained in 1537 from Veralli, Nuncio at Venice, where next his ardent "gospelling" won him denunciation. The worst attack came in Rome itself, which in 1538 Ignatius and his comrades were transforming. The Pope, his stanch supporter, was away. Fra Agostino, an Augustinian Friar, was what we should call a Modernist. Into sermons of much simplicity and devotion he gradually insinuated Lutheran ideals. Salmeron and Laynez, the two best theologians of Ignatius's band, tried privately to set things right. It went on from this to rival pulpits, each denouncing the other. Agostino took the wind from the Jesuits' sails by being the first publicly to make the accusation of heresy. Ignatius had escaped death only by flying from Sala-

manca, Paris, and Venice, each of which places had condemned him. Witnesses were called: Ignatius was accused before the Governor of Rome. Disciples began to leave him; fellow-workers escaped. Cardinal de Cupis, head of the Sacred College, declared himself to have proof of the Jesuits' utter wickedness: all seeming virtues in them were hypocrisy; all seemingly good work done, witchcraft. Ignatius called on De Cupis, as he did on Gouvea. The visit lasts two hours. The Cardinal comes out, conquered, and gives bread and wine to Ignatius and his men for the rest of his life. Ignatius carries the war into the enemy's country. He goes to the Governor and demands a trial. The case against him breaks down. He demands formal judgment and sealed sentence. The authorities are reluctant to commit themselves. Agostino offers publicly to recant. Ignatius insists. Here happens a triple and downright melodramatic coincidence. Figueroa, who had imprisoned and acquitted him at Alcalà; Ori, who had done the same at Paris; the Vicar-General, who had done the same at Venice, were all, by a disposition of events in which we seem to catch the smile of Providence itself, in Rome. Each came forward and gave that

precise and personal witness, unobtainable by mere message, which proved Ignatius's innocence and the triple charge alleged against him.

Armed to the teeth with certificates of orthodoxy, Ignatius can henceforward move in peace as to this point.

I have mentioned this series of instances less because they were characteristic of the period than because they formed the man. From being a portent of unconventionality, Ignatius became a monument of circumspection. If we stand back, as it were, and look first at the raw convert, dashing himself against quick-set hedges of rule, custom, and tradition, deliberately defying the laws of health and society, and borne along, despite himself, upon the impetuous wings of the mingled spirits who possessed him, then at this grave ecclesiastic, measured, reposeful, established at Rome, and governing his world-wide institution from his desk, we perceive a difference so enormous that we are inclined to disbelieve it possible. Yet even in ordinary men the gulf between middle age and tempestuous youth is often vast enough; and how far less attractive, may be, is the barge moored in the dull lagoons than—may I say?—the brave

little motor-boat, thrusting its way through a rain of crystals between blue and blue. In general, how far pleasanter is an unconscious, often devious, dash than any reasoned rectitude of progress! Well, we may learn to alter our ideals even of what is pleasant to the eye, charming to the fancy; and, above all, we may console ourselves with the utter certainty that never to the end did Ignatius abate one jot of what, at this point, we feel bound to call his sporting spirit. The fact remains that to the incidents related above Ignatius owed an immense reordering of behaviour, which directly affected his legislation for his sons and their whole history. Order, moderation, sobriety, the dully golden mean, enter now as elements into the Ignatian outlook.

(Yet a whole chapter will have to be written in which his military spirit of dash and enterprise will be a main *motif*. After all, even in the warfare of actual armies, it is asked of the General rather that he keep his head in safety than that he personally lead the charge, brandishing swords and shouting . . . !)

But a far deeper consideration is here in place. Again and again at this early period

Ignatius must have felt himself suppressed and wasted. Here was a terrific work to be done: here was he, terrifically ready to do it: nothing scared him, nothing could stand up against him—nothing, that is, which was honest, spontaneous, human, and alive. Only against this Chinese Wall of formalism he dashed himself unavailingly. Certainly, of all horrible things, waste is the most horrible to behold. Any waste of beauty, of sheer reality, is wicked: waste of life is sacrilege: of human life is an offence which cries, ever since Abel's blood, to God. Again and again one has seen it, and prayed never to share the responsibility for the spilling of lives upon the ungrateful ground. In fact, all human history, in our clumsy managing of it, seems to be built of waste. Contemporary society includes such wasted lives—I do not mean by idleness, nor yet by lust, nor yet predominantly the lives of those hundreds of thousands of units, uneducated, undeveloped, starved in body and brain, affection and ideal; but by the sheer working of the most characteristic instruments of civilization: Army, Civil Service, Universities. Overlapping, ill-adjustment, red tape, above all, cruel lack of imagination, even more than the franker vices of

jealousy, sloth, and avarice, are responsible, alas! for what sheer waste. If but I have been "*worth*, to God," "all I could never *be*: all men ignored in me" . . .

Now, it is legitimate and, in fact, easy to argue that in Ignatius's case neither time nor possible work nor human character was wasted. Sooner or later Ignatius would have been bound to organize and alter the unconsidered excursions of his earlier days for serious strategics. Moreover, facts must be accepted. There, in his world, existed these authorities, lay and especially ecclesiastical, and especially, too, in Spain. There was no getting beyond them, even were it desirable to attempt such a course, which it was clearly not. Such work as can be done must always be done *in some measure*, so as to chime, not clash, with actual conditions. The very rigidity of his environment will, in the end, make Ignatius infinitely adaptable. Then the man was true metal throughout. In a flawed character, opposition, and cabining of the sort he experienced, may bring about revolt, perverse selfish effort —that is, rebellion, isolation, and that individualism which is heresy, moral and intellectual, and doomed. In a temperament disproportionately alloyed with the base, a sourness,

sulkiness, and retiring into its shell, a deliberate and complete non-exercise of powers which are not allowed to be fully exercised, nor as self would choose, will follow. In a constitution too shudderingly strung, a sympathy too vibrant, real death may follow on the repression of all life's spontaneous manifestations. It is a flood of light on what Ignatius really was when we recall that in his case not one of these disasters happened.*

And therefore it may be said that in the soul's life alone there never need be waste. The martyrdom through which a man may pass, the strain upon his faith and his hope, the onslaught on his charity, may be appalling. Very likely to the chafing soul of Ignatius the experience was cruel; but in the soul nothing need die. For all eternity the spirit of Ignatius

* It is hardly needful to point out to Catholics how justified, in reality, is any policy which really, on the general scale and in the long run, keeps their faith from harm, and leads to its robust development. Damage done to faith is an irreparable calamity. Observe, too, how our instinct plays up to the formalist! The graver moral lapses of our past we view with serene regret, when they occur to us: the memory of a spilt tea-cup, a dress trodden on, a boorish guffaw, can strike us wide awake in our beds, and blushing in the dark!

is the more developed, more rich, more intercessory, powerful, and praiseful, for the virtuous, ill-judged, yet, perhaps, quite justified, attempts of men to crush him. And not this, not even this, is the worst of martyrdoms for a Saint. Perhaps, if only because Ignatius was not yet a Saint, fully enlightened and established, were these experiences so hard; but because he was destined to be a Saint and not a failure, their very hardness could be trusted to be formative.

II.

COMMANDER-IN-CHIEF

"Holy Father, I hold the other Orders in the army of the Church Militant to be as so many squadrons of cuirassiers, who are to stand fast in the post assigned to them, keep their ranks, and face the enemy, always in the same line, and with the same manner of fighting. But we are as so many light horsemen, who must always be ready, night or day, against the hap of alarms and surprises, to assault or support, as it may chance, to go everywhere and skirmish on all sides."—St. Ignatius.

To most observers, I imagine, achievement is far less interesting than effort; arrival, than process; action, than motive. It is the latent, the obscure, the changing and growing, the causative, which fascinates one; not the static, net result. Of course, in human history no result ever is static and net altogether, but passes on into something further, which it may partially cause. Else it is in a true sense meaningless because it does no work; and work is the only proof of life: and what does not live has no claim upon our attention (except,

of course, in so far as it *ought* to live, and for some mysterious reason does not; or, as it interferes with life, and becomes, therefore, an active centre of dissipation, corruption, and death). Therefore the various things Ignatius did are of little interest and even importance compared to why he did them, which means, compared to what he interiorly was (and this we have to some measure considered), unless his action be regarded as creative of his Society, and continued into it and still energetic to-day. But that would mean a history, or at least a study, of that Society, which is not aimed at here. To some extent, however, his further actions go on revealing the man, who is what we are after, and therefore this chapter need not, out of respect for psychological ideals, be omitted.

When Ignatius went to Paris he did a double action. He emancipated himself from Spain, where it may be doubted whether his destined work could ever have been begun. One remembers the history of other Spanish Saints—Peter of Alcantara, John of the Cross—and the direction followed by them, whether in speculative or in practical creative work, and sees that what Ignatius did, so unconventional was it (even now) to be, could never have been

satisfactorily started there. Started, in a sense, it was, and more than once; and each time the tender little germ of life was nipped and perished. Strong already with a certain amount of growth carrying it beyond its infancy, shielded by personal approbation of Sovereign Pontiffs, and thriving at Rome, it then could bear transplanting to, and might flourish in, Spanish soil. On the other hand, in Paris he found a centre not only unique in its history and actual reputation, but instinct with the pulse of life and thronged with vital personalities. Who had not gone to Paris was deemed half educated. Who came thence had his position already half assured. Paris was a world in itself, but a world in the throes of a re-birth; and its benefits just now were wooed with much accompanying danger. Still, on the whole, it was impossible not to go to Paris.

There, in rather second-rate Montaigu, Ignatius studied, hampered by excessive poverty. His small moneys had been stolen by a friend: he spent his vacations begging—in Flanders twice, then England. As we saw, his first influence over youth was on the whole disturbing. He "unsettled" them; their fervour was a nuisance, fanatical, destructive.

The truth is Ignatius was not even yet wholly at unity within himself. His methods still were violent. He nurses a case of plague: imagines he feels a pain in his hand; believes himself infected; is tempted to shirk. He thrusts his fingers into his mouth: "If you have it in your hand," he says savagely to himself, "you shall have it in your mouth also."*

A special satisfaction may be derived from observing that Ignatius's first two genuine triumphs were over temperaments utterly

* This realistic talking to himself is a constant factor in Ignatius's spiritual behaviour, and is easily discernible in the text of the *Exercises*. His methods, however, foreshadow his great adaptability. Each case he treated separately. An acquaintance is the lover of a married woman. On his way to the assignation he has to cross a bridge. In the winter midnight Ignatius stands up to his neck in the icy water, and calls through the darkness that there, night by night, he will stand during the hour of sin, expiating, as far as may be, in himself, his neighbour's fault. To a priest of scandalous life, Ignatius confesses his own career in the world, lamenting his sins so bitterly that the priest, shocked at the layman's grief, himself so callous, is converted. He called one day on a noted theologian, and found him playing billiards. He invited Ignatius to join him. Ignatius had never played; he refused, then suddenly consented. What should be the stakes? "If I lose," said the unconscionable Saint, "I will be at your service for a month. If I win, you shall do one thing

opposed. To St. Francis Xavier—that secretive, subtle soul, entrenched behind rampart after rampart of fastidious refinement and literary brilliancy; athletic, popular, and versatile —some separate pages will be given. Peter Favre, the other, required to be developed, "realized," revealed. He was as brilliant as, or more so, than Xavier, but diffident to a degree. A pious parish priest in the diocese of Geneva had taught the peasant boy his rudiments of classics. A Carthusian kinsman persuaded the lad's reluctant and timid father to send his clever son to Paris, rather as Xavier's aunt, the Poor Clare, got leave for her extravagant young nephew to remain there. Favre read philosophy with Ignatius, patiently waiting upon the older man's slow assimilation of new forms of thought. In return, Ignatius taught his naïve professor how to conquer his pathetic wish to eat better food, his harmless vanity in his successes, his austere judgments upon the faults of others,

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for me that I shall ask—a thing to your own advantage." Agreed. The Saint grasps his cue. The balls, by a scandalous miracle, go right every time. Ignatius makes every point, and in return sets his opponent to the *Exercises* for a month. The great theologian had been, too, a great sinner, but the *Exercises* cured him.

and the dark rebellions (the more tragic for his high instincts) which he felt within himself. As for Favre, no one minded what he did, nor resented his worship of Ignatius. But Xavier's valet Miguel, angry to see his lucrative worldling "converted," climbed to Ignatius's window, knife ready, to assassinate him. Sudden panic caught him, and for the time stayed his malice.

Others gathered round Ignatius: Laynez of Castille, and the brilliant boy, Salmeron of Toledo, came from Alcalà—they had heard of Ignatius's doings in Paris, and had pursued him, and, by a graceful act of Providence, met him the very moment they dismounted there; Bobadilla, a somewhat daringly original young man (Moorish in descent ?) from Leon; Simon Rodriguez, aristocratic, graceful, talented, rather dreamy and imaginative, "Carmelite" (he has been called) almost more than Jesuit, riveting to himself the adoring souls of youths, and haloed from boyhood by the conviction of his friends that he was to do strange and notable things.* Perhaps not one

* A little later, three Frenchmen, Codure, Le Jay (from Geneva), Broët, so sweet-natured and gentle a person that Ignatius called him the "angel of the house," will ask to join the Spanish group.

of these first companions, save Favre and Xavier, will fail to cause trouble to Ignatius. But though he did not, naturally, want his men to mutiny, he preferred, undoubtedly, the temperament which had in it the passion requisite for revolt to the anæmic soul which just collapses into doing what it is told; and certainly he explicitly declared that they were likely to do best in his Company who would presumably have done best in the world and at worldly things. Almost more striking than any success was Ignatius's failure with Nadal, a man from Majorca. At once he saw that Nadal was made for him. He laid deliberate siege to him, but he would not yield. Nadal took out a New Testament and waved it in Ignatius's face. "When you have anything better than that to offer me," said he, "I'll come." The Saint sighed and waited. Ten years afterwards, Nadal rather sensationally became the Jesuit he had so obstinately refused to be at the bidding of Ignatius. So little had Ignatius been mistaken in his man, and so clearly did Nadal come to realize that Ignatius's ideal was but the New Testament put into logical practice.

Each separately, these men promised Ignatius their lives should be spent under his

guidance and for his ideal, each believing himself to be alone. One day he makes them known to one another, and each, to his amazement, discovers he has met and loves the others, yet never has suspected this, their common goal. For a while they pray, study, and work side by side; on August 15, 1534, they make their vows at Montmartre, beside Ignatius, at the feet of Favre saying Mass. They fix a rendezvous in Venice for January 25, 1537; meanwhile they are to complete their studies.

Ignatius revisited Spain, partly to wind up his affairs there and explain his projects to his family; chiefly, it appears, for his health's sake, which had suffered from his Manresan austerities, renewed in Paris.

To the usual accompaniment of Mediterranean storms and precipitous perils in the Apennines he reached Bologna, slipping in the flooded roads and falling into its moat. Bloody, slimy, soaked, the future Commander-in-Chief made his entry into the town, followed by a troop of yelling street boys. At Venice he wins three more companions, of whom one will become his confessor.*

* "When we are in Heaven," he said of this good priest, "we shall see Father Diego fifty yards above us, so that we shall scarcely recognize him."

Meanwhile the Companions from Paris were accomplishing their rough and dangerous journey through a Europe equally devastated by war and a bloodthirsty heresy. Arrested once by French soldiery, this travel-sordid group was delivered by the naïve expostulation of a peasant. "Let them pass," he cried in patois; "they're off to reform some country or other. 'I vont à réformer quoque pays!'" In which brief patois phrase is a dose of comedy, pathos, or sublimity, according to what you suppose his perspective to have been, but vast enough, in any case! They reached Venice in January, 1537, and remained there with Ignatius till mid-Lent. He then despatches them to Rome, whither he will not go himself, fearing some Herod in the person of his old enemy Ortiz, and Cardinal Caraffa, whose new Order he had refused to join. Ortiz, however, himself presented them to Paul III., and a large assembly examined them before the Pope, gentle in his methods against heretics, but eager for reform. They returned with his full approbation, permission for the laymen to be ordained, and a gift of money. Still unorganized—each member in turn was Superior for a week—the little band evangelizes Venetia. Rodriguez, still terrified

by two slightly comic misadventures to which, as he journeyed, his demure charm rendered him particularly exposed, and fascinated by a hermit who had housed him, fell, first sick, then melancholic, and determined to give up missioning for solitude. He starts back to his hermit, when a man with a drawn sword bars his path. The new Balaam advances; so does his mysterious enemy; Rodriguez turns tail and flies; at the house-door Ignatius meets him, understanding his impressionable companion through and through, and, arms outstretched, he welcomes him, crying: "Why didst thou doubt, O thou of little faith?" The mission recommenced, the Companions standing on tables in market-places, waving their big caps, shouting their bad Italian, and being taken for foreign mountebanks or *jongleurs*. But the Spirit is irresistible, and breathes, as the wind blows, where He wills. Fire went forth from their souls, and renewed the love of so many which had grown cold.

And now, on a sudden, Ignatius emerges as a man of wide design and masterful mind. He will go to Rome with Favre and Laynez. Rome is headquarters; he will insure stable relations with the Pope. The rest he flings abroad, by twos, into University towns—

Bologna, Ferrara,* Siena, and Padua. He gives rules—simple enough, and nothing new—still, the articulation is complete. Each will be Superior for a week in turn; they will preach in squares, extempore; they must catechize children and sleep in hospitals; they were on no account to take money for services rendered. He announces dogmatically that they now form a Company, or Brigade, to be called after its Captain, the "Company of Jesus." Hence, later, their nickname, Jesuits; it stuck to them, in spite of popular, University, ecclesiastical, and even Papal reprimands, just as did the Antioch sneer of "Christian" cling to the followers of the Messiah. The model on which, at this period, Ignatius forms himself is quite clear. He deliberately imitates those paid battalions under their captains—*condottieri*—like Sir John Hawkwood, St. Catherine's friend, who fought for whomso would hire them in unlucky Italy; or those Free Captains who, under our own Black Prince, so

* Le Jay was sent thither possibly because the French Duchess Renée loved her countrymen. But she loved, too, Calvin, and it was the famous Vittoria Colonna who mothered the first Jesuits in Ferrara. Here then are these men tossed already into Courts, and unable to refuse a ducal request that they should stay there permanently as tutor to the Heir.

savagely desolated France. Rarely, perhaps, since the "baptism" by early Christianity of pagan rite or feast or temple has the enemy been so frankly pillaged and then Christianized.

And upon all this Christ set indeed His seal. Ignatius, approaching Rome, entered the little chapel of La Storta, and, coming forth, he translated into words what in the chapel he had wordlessly been made conscious of. The chapel had been terrible, and none other than the house of God. God had been there, and His Son, and the Cross; and the eternal Father of men had put Ignatius beside that Son, and Christ had accepted the Saint for servant, and had said, "I will be propitious to you at Rome," in which Ignatius could foresee naught but a promise of much suffering. Many times again he was to find himself at the altar, in that mood in which the Father, finding him, had "placed him with" His Son.

At once Paul welcomes him. In the University of the Sapienza Laynez shall lecture on Scholastic Philosophy, Favre on Scripture. Ignatius, with no illusions as to his gifts, preaches to the people. Suspected of carving out at Rome an ecclesiastical *carriere,* he

vows that never will he nor his Company, save for obedience' sake, accept Church dignities.*

Ignatius calls his men back. They concentrate in Rome; a large house with a tower is given them; Romans join the Company. Famine comes; the sermons yield precedence, for the moment, to material assistance. The Jesuits canalize and administer subscriptions. All Rome learns of their existence. Henceforward they cannot be overlooked. In the midst of these activities and this blossoming forth into publicity, Ignatius at last persuades himself to say his first Mass, and does so in Ste. Maria Maggiore, alluding to the fact, in the curtest phrase, in a letter. A solemn decision was now asked of the Companions. Were they to coalesce into an organized society—that is, a body of men working to-

* About this time Ortiz began to do the Exercises, and was so upset that Ignatius called upon him to cheer him. The cassocked cleric, middle-aged, with his game leg, proceeded to dance Basque dances for the consoling of the overstrained theologian. Ortiz recovered, finished his Exercises, and realized, said he, for the first time, the difference between learning in order to teach and learning in order to live—between theology, that is, and religion. He wished to enter the Company. The kindly Saint said no. Ortiz lived to support it energetically, ever worshipping, as was due, his unconventional friend.

gether for a common end, under common laws, and dependent upon one government—or should they remain disconnected units, at the direct disposal of the Pope? This latter idea was unanimously rejected. Were they, he next asked, to add the vow of Obedience, as to a Religious Superior, to those already made of Poverty and Chastity? The first evening after prayers they should bring forward arguments against this; the second, those favourable to the vow. Now, this vow would organize these men into nothing more nor less than a new religious Order. Just at present, to suggest this seemed madness. So depressed were the old Orders that the Pope had been advised by his Commission of Inquiry that this evil generation should be exterminated by being forbidden to receive novices. It seemed impossible that at such an hour the Pope would allow the formation of a new Order. And a distinct fear was manifested among the Companions themselves that liberty would thus be overmuch curtailed. Still, opposing considerations, some academic and scholastic, some pious and many practical—as that thus only could they insure permanence to their undertaken work—decided them to accept the third vow. To it

was added a fourth, that of obedience to the Pope, made before the Superior of the Society, thus affirming at once the special readiness of the Company to live and work at the beck of Christ's Vicar, and the interior independent administration of the Society. A life-Superior is to be elected; Constitutions shall be drawn up; Rome shall be their centre. The petition for approbation is presented to Paul III.; Cardinal Contarini backs it; Cardinal Guiccidioni opposes it. Months pass; Ignatius prays. Suddenly opposition fails. In 1540 the Company is approved, being limited in number to sixty. After three years this restriction was withdrawn. Meanwhile Ignatius was unanimously elected General.* On April 15, 1541, the Jesuits solemnly made their vows at St. Paul's-beyond-the-Walls. The Constitutions of the Society were not completed till much later. Temporary regulations were in use meanwhile. With infinite labour of comparison, consultation, prayer—over one seemingly small point he prayed forty days, and

* It is most interesting to observe that Ignatius voted for by all, himself voted for none. I suppose that while he felt he could not decently vote for himself, he was unable to see anyone among his Companions who really came up to his ideal. No doubt he did not himself either.

always laid the written project on the altar while he said his Mass—he reduced to detailed elaboration the vision which, in its unfeatured splendour of ideal, its ambition to join hand in hand the forgetfulness of self and the conversion of the world, he had seen long ago at Manresa. After knowledge of these heavy volumes, Richelieu is quoted as declaring: "Avec des principes si sûrs, des vues si bien dirigées, on gouvernerait un empire égal au monde," and Kings, he proclaimed, would be well advised to study them. Not till 1550 did Ignatius offer a completed version of these Constitutions to general approbation, and then only as material for endless further modification and adaptation.

Arrived at this point, and looking at Ignatius's position as a whole, it is about equally clear that, on the one hand, he was bound to make an Order of his Free Company, and, on the other, that he regretted the necessity. He was witnessing the transition of the free, unfettered and independent to the institutional. He would have preferred that the "interior law of love," the immanent spirit, should have kept his Company at the outside work and in the interior harmony which was his hope for it; but example and reflection and advice all equally impelled him to organize, if

only for the sake of present concentration and future stability. The Greeks detested the amorphous, the unlimited; "finish" and "perfection" had for them much the same meaning, and were words formed from an identical root. In their architecture no less than in their philosophy this cult of the defined is triumphant. On the box-like Parthenon the roof reposes like a lid. The Gothic arch soars, intertwines, and melts into itself, and the spire vanishes into the sky it points to. The Roman lived no less by rule, and the Roman Law survived the collapse of the Empire, and held Europe together, by the aid of the highly legalized Church, against barbaric chaos. Ignatius, a realist Spaniard, was temperamentally alien, despite his emancipated imagination, to all Northern love for the vague, for fused outline, for shrouded horizon; to the mist and fir-forests, and the tender grey-shot colours; to Becoming, as we, with the poet Plato, have it, as opposed to Being. Even the Spanish mystics, John of the Cross, Teresa, live in an uncompromising sphere; their world is clear-cut even where it baffles human map-making; they are great, passionate lovers of the One rather than genuine mystic dreamers, like Gertrude.

Therefore he risked the more readily the incarnation of his spirit in an institution. We badly need a philosophy (historical, of course) of Institutions. The moment a body becomes thus definite, it creates, as is obvious, negation, contrast, conflict even. A circumscribed fact is *not*, far more than it *is*, exactly in proportion as the universe surpasses it in magnitude. An unembodied, pervasive soul can steal abroad and become conterminous with all that is; but the organized, enclosed, materialized, can only be its tiny self. The more complete this materialization, the more defiantly "other" it becomes from its environment; in the greater danger it becomes of real alienation from life, sympathy, influence upon its world; of interior solidification, immobility and death. Ignatius, if he reflected on this at all, was encouraged to take the risk by that spirit of faith of which we shall speak later.

After all, he had good consolation in the natural and supernatural orders alike. A man among men must work through the body as a rule, and not by sheer spiritual telepathy. A hermit may well be a centre of spiritual, radiating force; but vocations to hermithood are few. The Son of God Himself elected to

live in a finite body, circumscribed in time and space, alien to this or that generation before and after, unvisiting this country or that, a unit. His Church is so definite and circumscribed a phenomenon that it is a sort of touchstone, and Christians may be divided almost adequately as institutional or unattached, social or individualistic. And the institutional are in the right. Ignatius will have been content with an unconscious acceptance of the institutional Christianity; nor have needed that more philosophical consolation Newman derived, as we do, from the spectacle of living bodies. Certainly a living body is an isolated unit, organized within itself; yet it, too, assimilates and develops, and alters utterly in outward seeming, while preserving, or gaining, its true balance of parts, its specific law, its spiritual identity. Thus from the Palestinian Christian, the Catacomb Christian was how different in seeming and even in outlook; from the Catacombs, how divorced a Chrysostom, a Hildebrand, a Leo X.! It is of faith that Christianity does not intrinsically and essentially alter; he would be a bold man, even, who should affirm that the modern Franciscan is illegitimately other than that radiant miracle, St. Francis: yet the dis-

similarity is immense in all but that vital principle which it is the task of some subtler historian than the world mostly gives us to discover. Therefore in all this matter we want that prudent Evaluator who shall reckon up the losses and gains attendant upon the institutionalizing of any force, and especially of a religious force. For completeness' sake we must emphasize that in this very act of institutionalizing, Ignatius revealed himself an innovator, a creator, almost a revolutionary. It was an immense thing to conceive the combination of Contemplative and Active lives, though the idea had been hatched before, and even in local and specified ways realized to some small extent. Nowhere, however, had so vast a scope of activity been envisaged by those pioneers in Ignatius's path. But his audacities were felt, as is usual, at the points where they defied the customary rather than where they launched positively forth into uncharted worlds. When he said his religious were to wear no distinctive habit, he made a sensation equivalent to one suggesting nowadays that an Order of priests were not to wear clerical dress at all. When he announced that his men were not to keep choir, a famous theologian declared that in that case they could

not be religious at all; it was felt almost as though a Founder now should claim that the members of his community should live each in his little flat, and have his latch-key (pardon this exaggerated touch). Even within his limits, which *for his day* were astonishingly wide, Ignatius will display in flexibility and adaptability an assimilative quality, a power of action, quite remarkable. We shall see that never will he wish his religious merely to *copy* the past—to ask what St. Ignatius *did*. They must live and create and behave as he, in the constantly changing circumstances, *would have done*. How far his descendants have been true to his ideal, their history, which we are not writing, may indicate. But that *was* his ideal.

Meanwhile, observe Ignatius at work.

He had captivated Favre, the gentle student, and Xavier, the brilliant and fastidious professor. See him captivating—because half captivated by?—the insupportable, fascinating boy, Pedro di Ribadeneira. Spoilt son of a widow, getting legs broken and ribs bruised by runaway mules and turbulent friends, he was spellbound by the gorgeous Nunciature of Cardinal Farnese, established in Toledo opposite his mother's palace. Farnese, on his

side, was enchanted by the self-appointed page-boy. Guiccidioni the austere did more than yield—he suggested that the Nuncio should bring him back to Rome. To Rome he goes: Court life, gymnastics, fencing, dancing, horsemanship—he takes to it with enthusiasm. Turbulent as ever, he sees (so he fancies) a fellow-page at a function making faces at him. Regardless of Pope and Cardinals, he dashes at him, and beats him about the head with a torch he is holding. Bored with obedience, he hides when bidden by the Cardinal to follow him into the country, and spends the day racketing round Rome. Panic-struck, as the evening falls, he dare not return, and flies to Ignatius, where he passes the night. Next day, Ignatius carries the truant back to the Cardinal, who laughs, and, Napoleon-like, pulls his ear. But meanwhile Ignatius, despite himself, has worked miracles. The fifteen-year-old lad had fallen in love with the grave Father, and Ignatius with him. He shall be a novice. A novice he becomes, keeping his fine dress, refusing to make the *Exercises*. Conquered abruptly by the Saint's prayers, he bursts into tears, and cries: "I will make them! I will make them!" He does so, and therewith (quaint detail) his first Com-

munion. An astounding noviciate follows. He hates getting up when called, and goes to bed in his clothes to save the few minutes dressing needs next morning. He jumps downstairs, bangs doors, makes clouds of dust. The Fathers cannot stand him, petition again and again for his rejection; Ignatius holds firm, now charming to the boy, now snubbing him, always keeping him. Pedro tries hard; he ties strings to his feet to keep himself from running, but limps elaborately behind the limping Ignatius up the church. . . . Asked what a secretary is, he answers: "A person who can keep secrets." "Very well," says Ignatius, "you shall be mine"; and adds enormously to his labour by letting Pedro write his letters, only to correct them thereafter with weary patience.* Once he sweeps the childish sheets to the floor. "This foolish boy," he growls, "will never do any good." Pedro weeps, raves, amends his ways; takes it out of Ignatius by correcting the Spanishisms of his Italian when he tries to preach. The

* Ignatius, who wrote as many as thirty letters a day, always read each through after writing it, and sometimes rewrote it thrice. This was the more meritorious, as he must have known his letters were often very dull. He never developed the slightest literary style.

Saint gives up! "Oh, my dear Pedro!" he cries, despairing of good Italian, "what can we do against God?" Pedro makes faces behind the minister's back; puts ink in the holy-water stoup; gets ill, cannot fast, scandalizes thereby the austere. "Who," cries Ignatius angrily, "has a right to be shocked? Let them thank God they are not in the same hard case"; and threatens these Pharisees with downright expulsion, and has his letters read aloud in the refectory. Soon Pedro is sent to Padua for higher studies, thence to Paris; for so fully can this mere boy be trusted that Ignatius does not hesitate to fling him into that whirlpool. . . . Still poorly, Pedro is offered a horse. "He may act as he pleases," says Ignatius, hearing of it; "but if he is a son of mine, he will do as the others do." Already footsore at Viterbo, Pedro halts for the night; but, evening not yet passed, he explores the hospital, invades the church, climbs the pulpit. The sacristan, seeing him, rings the bell. Simplicity? a jest? As you will. Anyhow, a crowd collects, with itching ears. Pedro, terrified, tries to escape: not at all—they came for a sermon, and a sermon they must have. The boy recalls a model Exercise preached in the noviciate refectory, and re-

peats it. A hardened sinner, converted, begs him to hear his confession . . . Expelled, with other Spaniards, from the French University, they were welcomed by Louvain. But there, exhausted by too much travelling, the boy collapses. Melancholia besets him. He hides himself to weep. He shall return to Rome. At Mainz he meets Favre, who, shocked at his haggard looks, wants to keep and nurse him. No; all he asks is Ignatius. Favre gives him a little cloak, which he sells, later, for a couple of lire; and at last falls fainting at the feet of Ignatius, who was vesting for Mass. He became a very brilliant Latin preacher and Rector of the Roman College. He visited England, and was the friend of Kings. He wrote the *Life* of St. Ignatius, and had the Saint's portrait painted, and in every conceivable way fulfilled his Father's hopes.

Ignatius was indeed unerring in his touch upon the young. He let fastidious novices keep their fine clothes till spontaneously they changed them; gave them their titles till they petitioned for plain "Brother"; left a rich and treasured crucifix to a lad till, seeing "he had Christ in his heart," he pointed out he no longer need hold Him in his hands. Noviciate scruples he extinguishes sometimes brusquely,

as when he orders a Brother, tormented lest he have scamped saying Office till he spends all day over it, to spend one hour exactly, and leave what is over unsaid; or subtly, as when he sends for a wretched novice, tormented by insomnia into meditating flight, and lures him, as in consultation, to prescribe for symptoms which really are his own; or quaintly, as when to a despondent Brother he observes: "Be sure, Brother John, that if I remain in the Society, you will." On the whole, then, he makes himself delightful, reserving charm as his own privilege. "What," said the Roman master-of-novices to a lad whom he was bidden to treat austerely, "do you think of Father-General?" "He is a fountain of oil," answered the boy, literary by right of Southern blood. "And of me?" asked the Master, grimly. "You," said he, "are a fountain of vinegar. . . ." Ignatius is said to have chuckled gleefully when he heard of this. Not but what at times he could be terribly severe. He watched long and accurately, and then pounced. Nine, and again ten, he once dismissed *en bloc*, and was noticed to be unusually cheerful after these holocausts. He dismissed a certain Minister of the Professed House at Rome, calling him from his

very bed. Nadal, a man of first-rate worth, was reduced to tears by his reproofs administered in full public refectory.* Laynez cried in despair: "O Lord, what have I done to harm the Society that Il Santo treats me with such severity?" And Polanco, his secretary, his "hands and feet," as he called him, said that for years Ignatius had not spoken to him with special marks of friendship.† A novice, having "talked tall" about his determination to be off, finally sent a supercilious message to the General that he consented to stay the night, and would go next day. "Will he go to-morrow?" thundered the Saint. "That shall not he, for he shall leave the house to-night." And on the hour he went. Ignatius in a rage

* For the feelings of Nadal and Polanco, Father Gonzalez says: "Ignatius appeared to have no consideration whatever." Once, in fact, Gonzalez, who kept a diary of St. Ignatius's sayings, and dictated it to a novice, had to suppress one incident lest he should frankly scandalize the boy.

† Ignatius knew perfectly well that exactly in proportion as a friendship is profound, it stands in no normal need of manifestation. *Cor ad cor.* It were sacrilege, and (what is more) vulgar stupidity, to drag to the surface the roots of love, the better believed in because unseen. He was very averse to external marks of affection; embraces, unsouthernwise, were to be limited to greetings and farewells; again, more northernly, he was all in favour of much cold ablution.

was deliberate, but dreadful. "The windows shook," we read, "to his terrible voice and heavy fist." He showed imaginative tenderness for the sick; danced (we saw) to the hysterical Ortiz; had Basque songs sung to the Sauls among his men till the black mood went; starved the community that the needs and even the fancies—lampreys, in one case—of the convalescent should be satisfied. He distrusted ecstasies and visions, he liked anger and passion, and when a subordinate flared up under rebuke, saw no great harm; sulks, or pious pretence of docility, he did not tolerate. Sloth he could not stand. A Lay-Brother, to his question, "For whom are you sweeping this corridor?" smugly answered, "For God and His love, your Reverence." "You are doing it badly enough," the Saint crisply answered, "if it were for man; if for God, it is intolerable." He liked to see his young men laugh; he was close friends with that cheerfulest of Saints, St. Philip Neri, and could not meet the old man in the Roman streets without being buttonholed by him, till, as they said, St. Philip had left no single button on the cassocks of the Roman Jesuits. In all this his aim was clear and steadily pursued. When he had got his way it was irreversible. "He has

driven in the nail," said Cardinal Carli. "It will never be pulled out."

Enough of these unessentials. See Ignatius at a world-wide work. From his desk at Rome he is corresponding with the King of Portugal. Madagascar, India, Ceylon, the Malay Peninsula, Japan, China, pass before his vision. Francis Xavier, the very dearest of his friends, is flung from Europe into that distant world. Of that noble career something is said below. Later, he will ceaselessly urge on the King, whose fits of apostolic ardour were but intermittent; and the story of his appointment of Broët to help in establishing the Patriarchate of Ethiopia, or Abyssinia, as we say, is entertaining. He lays great stress on Broët's physical health and good looks. Salmeron was still a "beardless boy"; Bobadilla sickly; and Laynez had not much of a presence. To-day even it is the Jesuit's business to pray at regular intervals for the foreign missions; still, from Alaska to China, from northernmost Africa to southernmost, the sons of Ignatius have kept true to the tradition he began, pouring forth their blood like water.

It was in 1541 that to Ireland, wilting beneath the furnace-breath of Henry's earliest persecution, Ignatius sent a mission. The

blind Archbishop of Armagh, an exile in Rome, got Broët and Salmeron as Nuncios. They reached Ireland by way of Stirling, and in that grey and battered Scottish castle had interviews with James V., faithful to his creed. In thirty-four days they had traversed the whole of harassed Ireland, disguised, in danger every moment of death. Even Scotland, when they were forced to return thither, was yielding to the seducer, and they left for the while those chill shores. Yet the General's eyes strained thither always; he loved Cardinal Pole, and all who in his company yonder had refused to bow the knee to Baal. He flung open his Roman College to English students, and still, once more, his Company is bidden to pray monthly for the missions of the North.

Already in 1540 the Jesuits entered Germany. To the second Diet of Worms, at the request of Charles V., Ortiz went accompanied by Favre. Favre's keen and pure glance went at once to the root of the appalling evil. Not Scripture misinterpreted, not Lutheran conspiracy, but the scandal given by Catholics, was the cause of the apostasy. "Would that in this city of Worms there were at least two or three Churchmen not living openly in sin, or

guilty of some notorious crime." But Favre saw deeper still. Even the Conference of Ratisbon, when summoned, proved futile. Neither Charles nor Francis were sincere; Melanchthon and Contarini each stood firm. Charles's offer of a General Council in Germany was capped by a similar offer from the Pope, who after all alone could fulfil his promise. Favre is swept off to Spain. Bobadilla, by Innsbruck, Vienna, and Nuremberg, ends by rejoining Le Jay at Ratisbon. Success, even mitigated, provokes persecution. The Jesuits are threatened with the Danube. "What matter," they exclaim, "if we enter Heaven by water or by land?" Ingolstadt, Dillingen, Salzburg, hear their preaching, and rivers begin to flow once more across the desert. Catholic still are, at least in part, those utterly lovely towns, romantic, austere, and beautifully German, the standing disproof of the falsehood that Lutheranism is allied essentially with German temperament. Nowhere is Catholicism more alluring than in those ancient Churches of Mainz and Köln, in Bavaria, and in the mysterious Tyrol. The Jesuits never removed the blackening blight of heresy from all that land, but they rolled it back and circumscribed it, so that you still may feel, in the very air, the change from the

balmy sunny temper of the Catholic States and towns to the chilled air of unbelief.

Favre now returned, having in Spain fallen in with and captivated Francis of Borgia, who, when Marquis of Lombay, had encountered Ignatius on his way to prison at Alcalà. Duke, by now, of Gandia, and Grandee among Grandees of Spain, Viceroy of Catalonia, he saw in the Jesuit Society a support and an ideal. Later he will ask admission into it, will become its true founder in Spain, and will succeed Ignatius as third General of the Jesuits. After the Duke, Favre quells at Mainz the Cardinal-Archbishop, Albrecht von Brandenburg, the humanist and worldly ecclesiastic; better still, Peter de Hondt, known later as Canisius, from Nimeguen in the Low Countries, an extraordinary man, whose life is as yet far too little known even among his own spiritual descendants. Köln was the centre of his first exploits and Favre was able to attend more closely to Louvain.

Paris, however, was the real colonist of Louvain. Thither Ribadeneira went in 1542, and thence the Spaniards were soon enough expelled. Even when politics permitted their return, the national hatred of the Spanish, and above all the educational jealousy of the

Sorbonne, initiated against them that campaign of calumny (it included the *Monita Secreta*) which has continued to our day. However, the Company throve, and by opening the college which ultimately became that of Louis le Grand, made it clear how definitely educational a policy was to be pursued by the Jesuits. Impossible were it to trace in detail the development of the Order in all these countries, and away in Spain, where once more persecution arose, often owing to the mistaken zeal of good men, sometimes to the deliberate rivalry and malice of the bad, or at least of those financially and socially "in possession."

In Italy all the large centres were evangelized—in a manner how different from those old romantic expeditions of the Companions! Padua, Venice, Brescia; to all went Laynez, astounding men with his sensational memory, his accurate argument, and his utterly fascinating address.

In Rome Ignatius was more immediately involved. In the account of the general campaign in Europe you feel him behind his men, organizing, encouraging, leaving wide freedom, yet ever the centre, subconsciously referred to by all at however distant outposts. Heresy had little to say in the centre of Christendom.

Ignatius's work was social and spiritual rather than controversial. There is little in our own day that he did not anticipate. In 1543 St. Martha's, with its guild of pious women, rescues the fallen and anticipates the Good Shepherd. Convert Jews in his time were hardlier treated even than many a convert Anglican of to-day. At least no married parson, whose conversion is often enough unequalled for courage by any deed of battle, was more helpless than he. For this class Ignatius institutes a welcome. Orphanages for boys and girls, and a home for girls in danger, are built, too, by him. Even art. . . . The much-maligned Society, at its birth at least, aimed at the highest it knew of. Our Lady della Strada had become too small. First, tinkering went on; bits (how characteristically !) were added according to need, not design. The grandee soul of Borgia will revolt at this. He determines to rebuild the Church in suitable magnificence. "The most celebrated man now known," Ignatius writes, "Michael Angelo, who is doing St. Peter's, is undertaking the work"—and gratis, he hoped ! The plan fell through; the Gesù was started after the great man's death.

In 1550 St. Francis Borgia had begun the

Roman College, which Ignatius staffed entirely with Professors trained at Paris. All others he utterly refused. Brilliant was its output of solid worth and its history of work. In 1552 the German college completed the tale of his Roman creations, and its lobster-scarlet cassocks became one of the joys of Rome.

One international sphere of the Saint's influence must still be mentioned, being nothing less than the Council of Trent. In 1546 it was begun, and lasted long. Of course the Jesuits, conscious of their ideal and even vow to accept no dignities, sent no Bishops or Cardinals there. But Laynez and Salmeron were present as Papal theologians; Favre was kept back in Spain; but Canisius from Köln represented the Prince-Bishop. Le Jay stood for the Cardinal-Archbishop of Augsburg; Cuvillon came from Belgium, sent by the Duke of Bavaria. Laynez and Salmeron had to be given new cassocks for the sittings; even so, such modesty of demeanour and appearance was unprecedented. So was their method, insisted on by Ignatius, of extreme deference, solicitude to avoid wounding, quiet, repose, and humble offices in hospitals and churches. After all the two were very young, and above all they were *not*, Ignatius was never tired of reiterating,

ecclesiastical grandees. Throughout the first part of the Council the two delegates had been in close correspondence with Ignatius. Laynez, in the second assembling (the first had been stopped, it is recalled, by outbreak of fever), mentioned that he would quote no author whose works he had not read in their entirety. He quoted thirty-six, his astounding memory enabling him to repeat long passages. One of these authors, by the way, had written twenty-five folios. . . . The Council, bewildered, declared, when he fell sick of an ague, that it would only sit on the days that he felt well. Ignatius suggested Nadal as substitute. Salmeron answered, that two men in health could not do what Laynez did in sickness. There is no need to follow further details in this episode. It has proved how vast already and how powerful was the influence pouring from Ignatius at Rome through Catholic Europe.

These details have been accumulated to give an impression of the powerful and ramifying influence of Ignatius, of his creative work, and of his special rôle. He not only raised his army, but led it; he not only conceived the glorious ideal, but realized, methodically and painfully, its machinery. And all this quietly, without

advertisement, without rhetoric or appeal to sentiment, above all without worldly weapons, without money, coercion, social or ecclesiastical handicaps. Such, too, was the work of Xavier, as we shall see. The spiritual coefficient in all this was, I believe, very simple. Not that Ignatius's soul was not delicate and sensitive to a degree, not that all manner of subtle psychological threads might not be detected, linking together the various activities of his life, nor that nationality, earlier career, and temperament did not colour and account for much that was afterwards done, or at least the manner of the doing it.

It is only in its outward influence that I hope here to assign, in a very slight and one-sided manner, that spiritual coefficient.

That it was very simple is, after all, a necessary affirmation. Ignatius was a Spaniard, and as such alien, roughly speaking, to all that was German or Italian. That is, the Reformation and the Renaissance might, and did, force themselves upon his notice, but would not find an echo in his deeper feeling. Presumably what was Teuton must have appeared to him downright barbarism, while as for Luther's personality, when he had knowledge of it (the miner's son was eight years older than Don

Iñigo), it must have affected him with sheer disgust. Yet it had more chance, one would have thought, of awakening sympathy than had Calvin's. True, Calvin possessed a legal mind, and loved codification, and worked by hard logic; but where Calvin was cold and chilling, iron-bound and repressive, "middle-class" by essential nature, and tyrannical with all the ruthlessness of that temperament when by chance it wins out topmost, Ignatius was fervent, dashing, inspiring, even when most true to his love of order, and a man of the people in the truest and most direct sense (and nowhere will you find such absolute good-fellowship between Prince and peasant as in Spain, the land of the Grandees), even while most utterly aristocratic in tendency and action. If you insist on calling Ignatius a democrat, that is legitimate enough if you will call Luther a demagogue. Ignatius, at the very plainest and bluntest of his writings, which is in the *Exercises*, or of his action, which was in his popular sermons and catechisms, retains and almost trades upon his ultimate aloofness, self-discipline, self-respect, that tremendous drilling of the personality which the gentleman—and especially the Spanish gentleman—regarded as a duty and a birthright. One page of Luther's

violent, coarse, comic, and obscene correspondence, or of his vulgar talk, qualities which made enormously for his popularity in a German world, would have revolted Ignatius and shocked him in his most sensitive nerves. With the frosts of Calvin and the turbid self-squandering of Luther, and with the two Reformations which took their colour from each, Ignatius was utterly, therefore, out of soul-sympathy. He registered each as a fact, and hurled a tremendous army against each; but he could only give the general direction and the momentum, and no detailed strategics or tactics were to be expected from him.* Here history has been unjust, though now the various myths are evaporating. Luther is taking his proper and rather scandalous place among sixteenth-century personalities; no one ever

* For the semi-Catholic reformers—*e.g.*, the early Erasmus—he had, again, a Spanish soldier's dislike. They appeared to him flippant, and perhaps worse. A soldier is sensitive about the honour of his regiment even when it is out of hand and needs drastic correction. He would object strongly were one of its members to fill Society paragraphs with racy anecdotes against it. Persiflage was a weapon Ignatius did not like to use. Erasmus himself, shocked later at his early companions and their tragic destiny, returned upon his traces and would have found a friend in St. Ignatius.

loved Calvin, I suppose; but even he needed to be shifted from his saintly pedestal. With the awakening of our historical sense to the real quality of these personages has come, more slowly perhaps, our appreciation of how utterly destructive was their work. Of genuine Lutheranism there remains practically nothing. Calvinism has patently lapsed into unbelief. Such religion as survives in the pulpits of either reform is really a reinfiltration of Catholic creed. Trent undoubtedly has reaffirmed and thereby confirmed the old Catholic dogma, and the Vatican is merely its continuation. This, in the series of modern revisions of tradition, is perhaps the latest—namely, that within the world of revealed religion it was undoubtedly Trent which conquered, and, as has well been said, the enduring work was done, not by those who would then have plucked up and torn down, but by those who buttressed and rebuilt and planted, and that the really triumphant name is here not Luther but Laynez. Yet without Ignatius Laynez would have been nothing.

In the same way a Spaniard did not admire Italy, which appeared to him at once scandalous and weak. A weak wicked man is an unpleasant spectacle, and the Spanish nation-

alities, even when not edifying, were not delicately vicious, sweetly dissolute, and neo-Greek. I imagine that the Renaissance paganism, lovely in Italy with all the iridescence of interior decay, would have been unintelligible frankly to a Spaniard, and disgusting when he was forced to attend to it. However, it is the mark of a clever man, with an eye for business, to detect what has come to stay, and it is clear to us at any rate that the Greek, having come back into the world, had come for good, unless, indeed, that whole world was ultimately to be recast, as some incline to think is even now happening. It is, next, the eye of a keen intuitionalist which detects where really is the germ of life in what, mismanaged, breeds so much death. It belongs in fine to a genius who is also humble enough to be a Saint, to detect both these things even when he personally is incapable of coping adequately with the situation. If you can see what is wanted, and equip and inspire others to supply it, it does not matter very much whether you can provide the thing with your own fingers. After all, Wagner played the piano very badly, though he would scarcely believe it, even when Liszt told him so. Ignatius, who had no philosophical brain, and no literary talent whatever, none

the less *saw the point* of the Renaissance upheaval, just as he did that of the Reformation, and hurled a second army against the invader. But observe, a different sort of army—an army destined not to destroy, but to capture: not to annihilate, but to assimilate. He saw the germ of life in culture, in Hellenism; he fastened on it, baptized it, Catholicized it, and turned his Order into the greatest educational engine Europe has seen.*

The guiding spirit within Ignatius must then have been wide and general in its illumination and its impulse, seeing that he shows no sign in all his life of having been what his birth infallibly suggests he was not—namely, a subtly alert theologian, or a sensitive, artistic, and literary soul. He got his certificates of orthodoxy, and passed decent examinations in ordinary subjects, and that was all.

Perhaps the political state of Europe, and of Spain especially, gives us a little light. In a

* I do not for a moment deny that just as the necessary controversy involved in fighting heresy may breed a deplorable and most destructive habit of mind, so the deliberate effort after culture may end in all that is least vital, most academic, most untrue (in reality) in the uncaptured spirit of Rome or Athens. But I am not discussing the ultimate success or unsuccess of the Jesuits in controversy or in education.

word, the feudal system was finished with, and the epoch of absolutisms had begun. In Spain especially the Moors and the Jews were done with now, and Cardinal Ximenes willed to unite the old kingdoms of the Peninsula into one Spanish monarchy. It has been said that to one man only in Spain is Ignatius to be fittingly compared—namely, Philip II. To him has been added the name of Cortez. Anyhow, the point is, that absolutism and centralization were the *idées directrices* of that period, and Ignatius was not more than another free from them. The period of marauding expeditions, of Free Company crusading, was quickly over, and only in the duty of his men to hold themselves in complete readiness, as a body, for any and every duty to which they might be turned, was that originally dominant characteristic to survive. One tremendous discipline of dogma, of morals, of ecclesiastical obedience, formed undoubtedly part of the great General's ideal. In every nation he descried a rebellion against the hierarchy, tradition, code—a centrifugal force which he quite well saw would issue (as it has issued when given play) into anarchy. One great army, thinking the same thoughts, cherishing the same instincts, obedient to one word of command, he was prepared to fling

against his century and the coming centuries. He flung it, with varying success. It is not our business to relate its fortunes, nor its reappearance in a changed world where there are no more Kings, nor what its fortunes will be, or can be, in our still revolutionary Europe. If the Society is still to do the work its Founder foresaw, or, better, if, unforeseeing, his genius yet equipped it with a machinery able to work in these utterly new conditions, how great then, greater indeed than we should have dreamed, was that genius. Or rather, how victorious was that Spirit with which he would be proved to have infused the body he built up. And there is this in favour of survival and continued work—that it *was* to the Spirit Ignatius trusted. If it were not for Spirit, unity becomes uniformity, and in the Society would infallibly be reproduced the series which is discernible in all the great European autocracies, whereby the repression of spontaneous life in the parts has meant the gradual but steady disruption of the whole.

In the Spanish nature is a certain fund of rationalism, and a tremendous tendency to realism. In Ignatius's spiritual life both facts are apparent, separately and conjoined. In the first part of the *Exercises* sheer argument

predominates. God exists, and created me. Why? His claim is infinite and absolute, and guaranteed by eternal sanctions. My use of the world I live in becomes wholly an affair of proportion. All sane men will therefore order themselves obediently to God. But even here the Flesh and Blood of Christ nailed to the Cross is upheaved among the syllogisms. In his journeys to Jerusalem, in his "applications of the senses," of which so much of the *Exercises* is composed, Ignatius reveals himself a relentless realist. He invents an elaborate parallel. The King goes out to fight—Christ has His own crusade. How will the Knight, not a recreant, make answer? Two Standards are upreared — the world's and our Lord's. What shall be our offer? Logically once more, rules for choice are laid down. A mixture of rigid reason and enthusiastic *élan* issue into a tremendous determination to face the world for Christ. The *Exercises* at first were meant to be made but once, or rarely; their constant repetition was a development. They led up to one huge Choice, to be unflinchingly adhered to.*

* I should like to emphasize the personal impression I derive from the *Exercises*, of his extreme simplicity of character. Again and again, even when most shrewd or valiant, they strike one as positively child-

Ignatius saw therefore a very simple series, constituting relationships, to be worked out to their logical consequences—God, Christ, the soul; other souls, Satan, the world. What do I resolve from this? I will fight myself, and then the world, for God and Christ, and will do so not alone, but with others, therefore under direction, therefore with utter obedience. It is frankly to mystical considerations that he trusts, to insure and give ease to this obedience. Doubtless he gives, rather perfunctorily, the academic arguments on its behalf and aids to its achievement — but the supreme fact to which he trusts is still spiritual, namely, that God, who called the soul to these perceptions, choices, and life, will give it *grace* to be obedient, and will therefore assure not only the spirituality of its obedience, but its relative facility. When, not superstitiously, but in the spirit of faith, you believe that God has called you to

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like in directness of thought or expression. The codification of little reflections or practices which had helped him, the sudden flashes of humour or picturesque diction among the commonplace, the occasional lapses in order or connection natural in one unused to dealing with ideas and their expression—all this conspires to make the *Exercises* a pathetic and human document, as well as an ascetical weapon.

a state of life, and directs you therein conformably to its organization, it is not suicide, nor self-crippling, but logical and decent, and in fine joyous to put yourself sincerely and wholly into His hands even in detail, and so go forward.

Such was the spiritual impulse which should issue, Ignatius hoped, into the genuine Jesuit.*

* He was all eagerness that in detail his subordinates should be trusted, and rely on their own initiative. Not only did his general attitude towards rules and spirit make this clear, but definite instances can be quoted, showing him annoyed with people who appealed too constantly and minutely for direction. "I made you Rector," he said in effect; "*rule*." He wanted governors, not mere administrators. He was prepared for the widest diversity of action, provided the spirit was identical. Herein, again, he is at one with Paul.

III.

ON THE ROLL OF HONOUR

"Thee, God, I come from, to Thee go:
All day long I like fountain flow
From Thy Hand out, swayed about,
Mote-like, in Thy mighty glow."

G. Hopkins.

"Las inteligencias más humildes comprenden las ideas más elevadas; y los que economizan la verdad y la publican sólo cuando están seguros de ser comprendidos viven en grandísimo error, porque la verdad, aunque no sea comprendida, ejerce misteriosas influencias y conduce por caminos ocultos a las sublimidades más puras, a las que brotan incomprensibiles y espontáneas de las almas vulgares."—A. Ganivet, *Idearium Español.**

We have been led to recognize that Ignatius viewed the world in a way peculiar, largely, to himself, and unlike the majority at any rate of his fellow-men, because in all things he introduced the thought of God. To every question man can ask concerning the world and his place

* This is quoted in Miss Boyle O'Reilly's spirited and picturesque book, *Heroic Spain.*

in it he would have an answer ready to his thought and lips in which that Name was included. All his views upon events, from those of international down to those of merely domestic or even personal importance, were taken from a centre-point which was none other than His Majesty, as he loved to say, God, namely—"our Creator and Lord." And because his life was throbbing with outward energy, he wished not alone to submit to Providence, to accept what was "sent" him, but he desired to give himself and his men "wholly unto labour," to do work for God, and with God's help.

Accustomed as we may be to consider Carlyle's judgments upon men for the most part entirely wrong, that he should have landed upon the exact opposite of this verdict on Ignatius would be enough to show that the very sources of his appreciation were poisoned, and that the light within him, whereby he guided his thought and pen, was darkness. That a Macaulay and most others should have recognized, and generously, the superb natural honesty, self-forgetfulness, devotion, and success of Ignatius and his first Companions, but have missed wholly their springs of conduct and ambition, is less, if at all, surprising. In our

country the whole notion of an interior supernatural life, in the Catholic sense, has vanished. At best these writers would see, when "God" is in a man's life, a new motive-idea, which makes him do other things than do his fellows; but that the whole interior essential life of the man has been raised to a supernatural condition is what would never reach their realization. I need scarcely say that though visions and the like will be referred to, those experiences (however they may have to be defined by theologians) are not the cause, nor the essence, but the accidental concomitants of supernatural sanctity. Ignatius took them at best as God's approval of his plans or actions. The Catholic accepts on faith the fact of this supernatural union of his soul with God; he scarcely hopes for greater success in explaining his belief to another than one would who should attempt to describe the fact of life to the inanimate, for not even to himself can a living man adequately describe the immediate intuition which tells him he is alive, and, as I said, normally the Catholic must believe in his own supernatural life, not because he feels it, but because he is assured of it by the supreme Authority to which he bows.

In Ignatius that inmost life became always

more and more conterminous with his whole conscious being. At first its invasions into his awareness were troubling and violent, and issued into amazing irregularities of effort and even of idea. Thus, when it pushed him towards self-sacrifice, he embarked upon a series of penitential actions, in doing which, as he tells us frankly, his whole pleasure lay in the fact that he was "going one better" than the Saints he read of. Yet just that was the response God first willed from him—courageous, unintelligent imitation, or even rivalry. He taught him "as a schoolmaster teaches a little boy," and led him from the crude action ever inwards to the purer and more spiritual. So, too, at first he could not pray, or rather "meditate," as he called the spontaneous reactions of the soul to the touch of God. When he felt he ought to respond somehow to the summoning Voice, whose language still seemed meaningless, he would read the correct prayer, or the dramatic, challenging Passion story, in a book. When he felt it his duty to make some explicit acknowledgment of the supreme mysteries of faith, such as the Trinity, he laboriously prayed first to each Person separately, then to all Three together. Suddenly into his brain swam the image of three spinet keys (joined at the root,

as it were), or a three-toothed comb. To this vulgar symbol responded a whole spiritual upheaval and a gigantic joy. The material coefficient was ever less and less necessary to his spiritual perception. At no time did he see our Lord or our Lady in human form, even when it was on the human person that his thought was resting. From a vague and formless phantasm—a white and radiating centre, a downward light: anything was enough to start, as it were, the psychic series — he passed almost directly to the immediate intuition of the Truth. The artist or musician or poet will at once understand this possibility. To them even the "meanest" flower that blows can give the thoughts that lie too deep for tears, and, indeed, the joys that are too deep even for thought itself. A wood-violet is as potent as the rose or honeysuckle. And if it be said that still is it the inexpressible beauty of line and texture, of tint or subtle fragrance, which in the flower makes the heart of the worshipper feel ready to break, the musician will tell you that at times the clumsiest suggestion of the true music, the most awkward of amateur fumbling, is enough to send the soul, drunken with delight, singing among the stars. And the poet will find whole worlds of

truth and beauty "often flowering in a lonely word." A little like this Ignatius would suddenly be made conscious by the help of some trivial materialism of spiritual real forces masterfully remodelling his substantial soul. The singularly halting words in which he expresses himself are like the spontaneous outcries of the astonished artist or lover (for love is at the bottom of all this) at the sight of that with which he hungers for union, or finds himself mysteriously in union. Just as to the very responsive soul, a single word—cyclamen, iris, Sicily; Phaedra, Helen, Isolde; "grace," "spirit," "life"—is enough to originate a whole tempest of desire, a whole benediction of embrace, so will it respond preferably by solitary cries, detached exclamations, even inarticulate sighs and yearnings, as did Joseph of Cupertino, or Francis himself. Till the end Ignatius's way of describing his experiences remained naïve, partly because he was quite spontaneous and wrote for no other eye, partly because he would not spend labour to express the inexpressible, and partly because when he did so labour, his words have the stilted foolishness which all jargon, legal, philosophical, artistic, has for the layman. Thus he wrote, alluding to himself now in the first, now in the third person.

"During my usual prayer, though there was not much at first, after the second half, his soul felt great devotion, and was exceedingly consoled; it saw also a certain object, and a form of very bright light. While they were making the altar ready, Jesus presented Himself to his mind, and invited me to follow Him, for I am quite convinced that He is the head and guide of the Society. This idea disposed my mind to fervour and to tears, but also to perseverance. I had no other consolations. The Holy Trinity itself seemed to confirm my decision, as the Son communicated Himself thus to me, for I recalled to mind the time when the Father deigned to place me with His Son. This lasted the whole time and even after Mass, and throughout the day. Whenever I thought of Jesus, this loving feeling and this fixed purpose returned to my mind."

Knowing that Ignatius was thus constantly in touch with God, and that he had the habit of noting down what he experienced, Nadal determined to ask him to tell him about it. One day, in 1551, Ignatius, talking to Nadal, suddenly broke off, and said: "And but an instant ago I was higher than heaven!" It was the moment when the "bright cloud"

vanished. Transfiguration time was now over, and he had been left with the customary "Jesus only," hidden inside his heart. Nadal tried to allude to this, but Ignatius changed the subject. Nadal insisted. "Tell us at least about your conversion." The Saint said, most humanly, that he had too many other things to think about. Still he asked Nadal, Polanco, and a third to say three Masses to find out if really it were desirable. "We shall all think," he answered, "what we think now." "Do what I tell you," said the Saint, very gently. They did so, they made the expected answer, and Ignatius agreed. Next year Nadal asked him if he had done anything. "Nothing." In 1553 he made a beginning, but let it drop for another year. In 1554 Nadal attacked him again with some energy, and Ignatius yielded, choosing Gonzalez for amanuensis. Ignatius had already told Gonzalez he would do this in, as I said, 1553, in August, adding he hoped to live another three or four months to finish the affair. Still he did nothing, only telling Gonzalez he was to remind him of it daily. Then the daily reminder was to occur each Sunday only. However, Ignatius began, Gonzalez took notes, and Nadal, on his return, joined his entreaties, and so, with end-

less interruptions, delays, and reluctance, the story was carried forward.

In the unique and priceless document into which these conversations issued—called the *Testament of St. Ignatius*, and prized (as first-hand evidence concerning their Founder) beyond any mere biography by his followers—we can read an account of the Saint from his youth to the earlier years of the Jesuits' residence in Rome. It then breaks off abruptly with the words: "And now Master Natalis can tell you the rest." Gonzalez, unconscionably curious, asked all sorts of questions about the first writing of the *Exercises*, which was very gradual, and consisted in noting down for future use anything which each several experience suggested as likely to prove serviceable. He also inquired about the making of the Constitutions, and Ignatius, sending for Gonzalez before supper, was found by him in a condition bordering upon ecstasy. In this state he made a most solemn protestation that in what he had said he had exaggerated nothing (as indeed from its frequent flashes of dry humour, and above all from its relentless inclusion of commonplace and bathos, we well might guess), that since he had begun to serve God he had never consented to grievous sin,

that his facility in "finding God" had increased throughout his life, and that now he could "find God" as often and whenever he would.

Gonzalez asked Ignatius to lend him his spiritual notes, but the Saint refused, and afterwards burnt them nearly all.

Were we to ask ourselves in what this intense preoccupation with God, present in his soul, showed itself most convincingly an affair, not of human choice or effort merely, but of continued response to a Divine touch or appeal, we might perhaps find an answer in its permanence. In the romantic *mise en scène* of Manresa, in a mental atmosphere of violent other-worldliness, and in the all but inevitable disturbances of equilibrium due to solitude, savage penances, and riveting of the attention on a single subject, it were not astonishing if the converted soldier had filled himself with the obsession of God. But that despite his progressive abandonment of all the more startling of his exterior aids he should have remained absolutely true to the interior summons, speaks loudly for its independent and imperative nature. He had to return to a percentage of his old life, but no more, and never to its ideals and motives. He had to leave to

one side mortifications, and yet be mortified; to resume the decencies of respectability, yet not be tamed nor mediocre; to be worldly-wise and make friends with culture, yet never become worldly; to "walk with crowds nor lose his virtue, and talk with Kings nor lose the common touch"; to "fill the unforgiving minute with sixty seconds' worth of distance run," yet never be dazzled by the success of what he did, nor even flustered by the multiplicity of his business, never dismayed by inevitable failures. In fact, throughout it all, in a life which was one long distraction, in the stress of European persecution and the huge temptation of European flattery, he yet experienced it to be easier and easier to "find God," and again and again perceived that God "placed him with" his Son. In these two perceptions is to be diagnosed a great intensity and depth of mystical life.

Vast things were proceeding in the soul of this quiet man, whom you would have met any day in the streets of Rome and passed without a glance. He walked with a stick, slowly, limping a little, and was dressed in a plain cassock, with a voluminous black, high-collared cloak. His big sombrero flapped over his face, and his head being bent for the most part

slightly forward, he would not have been the first to see you. His companion, Ribadaneira, as a rule, while he was in Rome, would have recognized you and called Father Ignatius's attention to you. Ignatius's manner was the perfection of grave Spanish courtesy, and many an old priest and aristocrat shared it. It was his smile and his rare upward glance, when his eyes met yours (Ignatius was not tall), which transfigured him. His forehead was very broad and massive, and the eyes, to my thinking, rather wide apart, but, given the breadth of forehead, not disquietingly so. More than once it has been noticed how like, for delicacy and refinement of chin, he is to the statues of Augustus. That is so, and the parallel can be pursued. Both had a certain drawn look about the eyes, and between the eyes and nose —a tired and rather disillusioned look in the Emperor, but in the Saint just a world-weariness amply compensated by the heavenly vision which gives so sweet a serenity to his countenance. The lips of both are subtle and closely pressed, but in Augustus they are cold and merciless; in Ignatius their very force speaks of a self-conquest which indicates no cruelty. The nose in Ignatius is extraordinarily sensitive and aquiline; in Augustus, as life

advanced, it thickened.* But the man who created the Roman Empire went in purple and fine linen, and fared sumptuously every day, and got himself adored, when so it served, for God. Ignatius fasted, and wore threadbare clothes, and his face was worn spiritual by the tireless file of prayer. And again, the Cæsar's face was set in the ruthless chill of one who fulfils a harsh and mighty destiny, disbelieving (to be truthful) in anything beyond himself, and even in himself. Ignatius, disbelieving in his lonely self, indeed, yet knew and affirmed that through him God was acting, and from this Father and Captain of his soul he received not only power but peace.

Thus, then, the end found him.

In 1554 his health broke. Reluctantly he accepted an assistant, Nadal. He recovered, but was still weak, and transacted business lying down. He definitely grew worse in the summer of 1556, and made over the management of the Society to a board of three. He left the suffocating city for the Jesuit country-

* I assume that the famous bust of the boy Octavian, if not contemporary with his adolescence, which was not famous, is at least a very clever and psychically accurate "rejuvenation" of his well-recognizable adult features.

house, built not a year ago. The move was thought rash—damp walls would be dangerous for him, and in fact so much worse he grew that he returned to a city in terror of Alva at its gates. In the Professed House, whither he went, a few (one, Laynez) were considered sick to death. Ignatius was thought a little feverish—or not even that, just weak. On Wednesday, July 29, he asked, however, that the doctor, calling to see the others, might visit him too, having confessed and communicated the day before. On Thursday evening he sent for Polanco, told him he was dying, and that he must inform the Pope, and get his blessing for himself and another Father. Polanco expressed himself incredulous. The doctors did not think him in any danger. God would spare him for many a long year. . . . "No," said Ignatius; he was dying. Polanco could not believe him; he had letters to write to foreign parts. Could he not leave the message till to-morrow? No, Ignatius preferred this evening to to-morrow, and the sooner, in fact, the better. Still he left himself entirely in Polanco's hands. Polanco knew best. . . . Polanco consulted the doctor, who refused to pronounce that night; next day he would give an opinion on Ignatius's condition. Ignatius

accepted this decision; he ate with a good appetite at supper. Polanco went to write his letters with an easy conscience. The night closed in, and the Saint was no otherwise than as usual, and talked till midnight. He called the infirmarian, who slept in the next room, less often than of wont, and after midnight his restlessness grew quiet.

You still can visit that little room, where the old worm-eaten wood of door and window-frames shows pathetically against the decorated walls, and can go out upon the balcony where the old man used to stand to watch the stars, as so long ago he had from that earlier sick chamber at Loyola. How sordid earth had seemed to him when he had had stars to look at! . . . In each room he died to an old life. Many Saints have since done worship in this humble little chamber of the Gesù; it has grown sacred by their coming and going, and by the oblation there of the imperishable Mass. Dear, though, is it before all else, for the hours of that uncomraded night of dying, when one Saint, all alone, made his supreme sacrifice to God. Long ago he had said that but few minutes would be needed by him for full restoration of serenity were the Pope to bid him dissolve his Company. Now he had these hours of this one

night in which to listen to the final call of renunciation. The soldier's life, the lover's life, had long ago been done with; the life of travel, of wide-eyed apostolate across Europe, was finished with, too, long since. Now it was to the *Exercises* and the Constitutions, to the brethren who had replaced those first and dearest Companions, to the destined successors who should, as far as might be, understand him and carry on his work, to all that work and the Company itself, that he was being schooled to say his unheard farewell. One sound alone was caught by the dozing lay-brother during the night, the voice of Ignatius repeating the lonely words: "O God, O God!"

At that moment nothing short of the Ultimate, Infinite, and Eternal could be of service to the man who was leaving the shadows and the symbols.

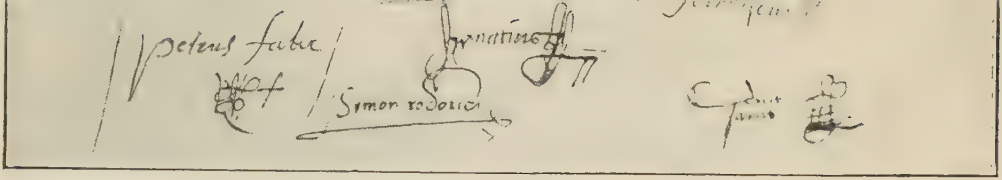
The dawn came; some attendants and two doctors arrived. Ignatius looked cheerful and well. Two eggs were to be beaten up for him. A priest entered while the Brother was busy over this, and lo, in the brief interspace the great change had come. There was an outcry. The Brother dropped the glass, and rushed for a confessor. They shouted for Polanco, who

hurried to the Vatican. But in a great silence, without confessor or Sacraments or Papal blessing, Ignatius died.

Thus have we dared, from our manifold and terrible distance, to speak of Ignatius's life, and even of his soul; from our grey and modern England to try to catch the expression of that Spanish face, two worlds away from us, and lit almost, as it seems, by a different sun from ours. Thus we, with half his years to our score, have discussed this wise old priest, and in our times of tamed audacities, unhazardous ideal, and cult of the commonplace, the prudent and the profitable, we have bestowed upon this imperial man the tribute of our admiration. Not from conceit, God knows, nor with the patronage of critics. It has been something at least to sit in the glow of his strong sunlike life, hopeful that the dust we have tossed up may serve at least to make his pure beams in which it dances seem more golden and more living to our gaze.

Ego N. subscriptus fateor coram omnipotenti deo et beatissima virgine Maria et universa curia celesti per oratione ad deum pro missa et recepta pro bona deliberatione tantum meo iudicio magis expediens addere laudes et perpetuitatem societatis per eius ordinationem, et deliberavi me obtulisse et offerre ipsum tunicis et indulgentiarum dictam ad eandem societatem intrandam si ita per dominum confessorem meum, ad cuius deliberationis (quam deo dante me habere recognosco) memoriam nunc ad sacratissimam eorum memoriam quamvis indignissimus et cum eadem deliberatione addo die martis xxv decembris 1583

[signature]



There is no satisfactory authentic portrait of Xavier. He was not tall, had thick hair, and a beard. His expression was very fresh and genial. We may plausibly conjecture, from one portrait, that his face grew deeply lined and, as it were, tanned hard, as often happens to Basques. The above is a facsimile of a formula signed by the Companions, and written in Xavier's hand. Each Companion apparently wrote out his own copy, and they all signed each. It runs:

"I, N., undersigned, acknowledge before Almighty God and the most blessed Virgin Mary and all the heavenly court, that after prayer to God and weighing the matter maturely, I have voluntarily voted, as is in my judgment more conducive to the glory of God and the perpetuity of the Society, that there should be a vow of obedience therein: and I have voluntarily offered myself, without however vow or obligation, to enter the same Society, if God permit that it be confirmed by the Pope. Unto the commemoration of which decision (at which by the gift of God I acknowledge myself to have arrived) I now albeit most unworthily yet with the same decision do approach the Most Holy Communion. Tuesday, 15 April, 1539.—R. Cacres [a Companion who afterwards left Ignatius], John Codure, Laynez, Salmeron, Bobadilla, Paschase Brouet, Peter Faber, Ignatius, FRANCIS, Simon Rodriguez, Claud Jay."

To face p. 109.

ST. FRANCIS XAVIER

"I have heard our great modeller of men, Ignatius, say that Francis Xavier was, at first, the stiffest clay he had ever handled."—POLANCO.

IN all literatures the *roman d'un gentilhomme pauvre* has been a favourite. Everybody loves, even when they smile at, the shabby, gallant figure—cavalier, condottiere; troubadour, if you will; highwayman, even; each an adventurer in his way; a romantic, honourable, unworldly worldling, assisted by little save his own wits, his merry humour, his resource, his pluck. Schoolboys adore d'Artagnan, with his threadbare cloak, and great battered leather boots, his faithful sword, and his indomitable musketeers. Soon after schooldays, how irresistible is Cyrano de Bergerac—somewhat, of course, of a Gascon *mauvais sujet;* reduced almost to the pawning of his baron's torque for the price of the necessary crust; and, after his packed life of fighting, scholarship, gallantry, and self-sacrifice, carrying into God's presence-

chamber nothing save his plume—but *that*, *sans tache*. Nearer to us are these foolish, gallant gentlemen, never quite broken by the hard knocks of Fate, than the few great show-conquerors of history, having it all their own way from the beginning, just as the starry knights of fairy tale—Lohengrin, St. George—are somewhat less human and less lovable than a Don Quixote. What if the Spaniard did at times run atilt at windmills? For him, at least, it was a genuine fight and a hazard; while from the start, one knows, the poor dragon never has his chance against the magic lance and helmet, and the red-crossed buckler.

I would like to argue that in the life of Don Francisco de Xavier y Jaxu, the brilliant, unmoneyed, proud, tender-hearted, indomitable Basque, is all the charm, all the dash, all the high colour of the heroes of romance. Them we love, knowing them to be creatures, in the main, of fancy; here is one whose story is established on the rock of human history, while the glory which bathes him is no dream-halo, but divine.

I.

IN NAVARRE

1506—1525

"Then, welcome each rebuff
That turns earth's smoothness rough,
Each sting that bids nor sit nor stand, but go!
Be our joys three parts pain!
Strive, and hold cheap the strain:
Learn, nor account the pang; dare, never grudge the throe!"

RABBI BEN EZRA.

I.

EDUCATION, we keep hearing nowadays, must keep the children happy. In practice, this seems to mean that they must be kept amused. For richer children, luxuries; for poor, at least amusements. Hence "schools of play," "revels" carefully rehearsed, the methodical merriment of dances antiquarianly exact. Drudgery and grind are to disappear; children are spontaneously to rush to the schoolroom, itself a palatial haunt of higher art. The very toys are decorative, the very grammars enter-

taining. Not for a moment am I to discuss the utility of all this. Only I maintain most stoutly that the sum total of good character, and therefore of happiness—I do not say of immediate pleasure—is not by one degree the greater for all this than in the days when education was an austere affair. That practical psychologist, Mr. James (and not he alone), has preached the panegyric of that forgotten virtue, poverty. Education once could be, and often was, sober to the verge, and over the verge, of sternness even in the wealthiest setting—nay, at the very Court; and though violent reactions most likely followed often enough upon the heels of emancipation, yet it may well be thought that a certain high essential value, a sound and penetrative quality, was infused into the child, which survived the period of lawlessness and revolt, and saved him throughout from the effects of that "trashiness of fibre" we so anxiously and so often diagnose in the pleasurably nurtured children of to-day.

Xavier's education was austere, his childhood happy, his character firm.

His home, and therefore his name, reached him through his mother. Dona Maria de Azpilcueta was the daughter of an impoverished gentleman whose little castle, like our north-

land border-towers, defended the Franceward frontier of Spain in the valley of Baztan. Through her mother, Dona Joana de Azuarez, her distant ancestry found itself linked with the Kings of Navarre and Aragon alike. Thus it was that the royal fortress of Xavier came to Dona Maria for *palacio*.

To reach it, you abandon the softer Basque-land scenery for the sun-scorched territory of the Ebro. The ground was rough and stony; roads were wretched; mules made a difficult ascent to the village of Xavier, with its enormous view of bleached sierras and parched soil. The scene was all palest blues and browns; hills and plains alike burnt biscuit colour; hills shadowed with dim browns and greys where ravines broke the rocks, and plains streaked with the dazzling white of torrent-beds. Dim pine-woods set a blue shadow here and there, but above it all spread the Spanish sky, dancing with sunlight, so tingling with heat that the very blue faints into colourlessness. Such is Xavier in the summer; the winters are terrible.

The fortress, though small, had its frowning dignity — a moat, a battlemented wall, a drawbridge leading to a stout-built gate-house; then the wide court round the keep. The keep was a gloomy cube flanked by four turrets,

and pierced by loopholes only. Enormous stones façaded it, and, sculptured with blazons, were wedged round the pointed arch of its one grim door. Even in the central court another tower faced you, for a final pouring down of molten lead and boiling liquids on the invader. Narrow winding passages within the walls showed iron-clamped doors opening into the living-rooms. A single loophole lit the chapel.

Here the sixth child of Don Juan de Jaxu, councillor of the King, Lord of Xavier and Ydocin, and of Maria de Azpilcueta, his wife, was born on April 7, 1506, and named Francisco.

The marriage had taken place between 1475 and 1480; three daughters and then two sons had been born. The family fortunes steadily increased. Navarre was at peace with Castille, and Magdalena, the third daughter, became maid-of-honour to the Catholic Queen, Isabella; while to the eldest boy, Miguel, was offered a post as page at the Court of Madrid.

Juan and Maria had rebuilt the parish church of Xavier, and added an *abbadia* where a priest was to live in community with two or three other persons, and to recite the Daily Office. On Tuesday in Holy Week this recitation was to be peculiarly deliberate, they ruled, in honour of the Passion. During it Francis was

born. This church haunted his boyish fancies. Over its font he could see hanging his baptismal robe. In it High Mass and solemn vespers were daily sung; the *Salve Regina* sanctified each sunset. The *abbadia* was all but monastic in its rule of life, imposed by the Founder and Foundress, who, in their deed of gift, preached a regular sermon to all its future occupants. Cards and hunting were forbidden, but fishing and gardening allowed; pious books were to be read at table; women under sixty were excluded. Minute regulations insure the decent saying of the Office. Austere piety was traditional in the fortress. St. Jerome, the fierce recluse; St. Michael, the soldier-angel, were its patrons. The Holy Trinity was a mysterious and unusual devotion in the family. Above all, a Crucifix, found long ago (in the thirteenth century, when the first Azuarez de Sada went to Xavier), hidden, from the Moors doubtless, in a secret hollow of the wall, daily drew the inhabitants to kneel before its terrible face of torment. In a crowd of relatives where vocation to the priesthood or religious life were constant, Francis was remarkable for nothing but his skill in all manner of athletics.

When he was six years old, disaster began to haunt his family. In 1512 war broke out be-

tween Castille and Navarre. France and the Papacy entered the conflict, Ferdinand of Castille standing for Julius II., who had opened hostilities against Louis XII., and was answering a Gallican by an œcumenical council. Poor King John of Navarre, more French than Spanish, driven from his chosen neutrality to define his position, inclined to France, and was forthwith excommunicated by a Bull, probably forged, brought by the Duke of Alba. Many of the Jaxu family transferred their allegiance to Castille, while Don Juan tried to couple abstinence with loyalty. He failed. In June, 1515, Navarre was annexed, the lands of Xavier sold, and in October the poor man died of the shock. Next year the caste, so to say, was changed throughout. New Kings had everywhere succeeded to the throne; a revolution was attempted. Many of Francis's relations were involved. The fortress of Azpilcueta withstood the Spanish onslaught for a considerable time; Cardinal Ximenez, when it was taken, razed it to the ground. After Azpilcueta, the Jaxu castle fell. Then it was Xavier's turn: the outer wall and gate-house were demolished, the moat filled up, and three of its towers fell beneath the pick. A Castillian agent was installed: the lands of Xavier, Jaxu,

and Ydocin were harried; rents no longer came in; the family sank rapidly.

One more effort. In 1520 Navarre attempted a final revolt, much of the Castillian garrison having been drawn off. Thus, in Pamplona, only a handful of Castillians remained. A band of French hurled themselves upon the little town. A breach was made. Alone in the breach stood its Captain, Ignatius of Loyola, powder-blackened, but not to be sent running. Up the slope stormed the French and the Navarrese, among them Juan and Miguel Xavier. Francis, only eleven years old, had been left behind, like David; else his might have been the shot which brought Ignatius down. Pamplona was taken, and Ignatius with it. But the campaign went against Navarre, and, at the head of a long list of exceptions to the amnesty proclaimed on December, 1523, by Charles V., stood the names "Miguel de Xavier, Juan de Azpilcueta, brother of Miguel de Xavier," and, a little lower, "Valentin de Jaxu," all of them condemned to death. They escaped, however, and for two more years held out at Fontarabia, till in 1524, on the yielding of that garrison, their pardon was pronounced, and, crippled, but with unstained honour, they retired to their shattered properties.

Such was the setting of the boyhood of St. Francis. An austere religion; a fortress-home, brown among burnt-out hills; a space of hunting and running and bathing in mountain torrents; the echo of battle ever in his ears; eviction, impoverishment, demolition of dear places; one long lesson of detachment from all save personal honour and loyalty to his King.

But just as the personal pride of the Xaviers could not any more soften into mere complacency or self-satisfaction in present opulence, so neither did it shrivel into a morose brooding over lost glories. The whole Xaverian history had been one of deliberate ambition. So was it now. In many a document we can watch them at work, rebuilding their fortunes with the tenacity of beavers restoring their broken dam. Francis, clear that war was a precarious business, decided to make a career for himself by letters; and since the Church promised higher emoluments and positions than the law, he will choose to take the tonsure. University life will also be a necessity, and nothing but Paris can do justice to his destiny. Anticipating, I will say that at Paris Francis was determined to abandon nothing suggested by the rank he claimed. He had no least intention of admitting that the Xaviers fell short of their

associates. His elder brothers, with truer perspective, are by this time careful, saving, doing their subordinates' work, enlarging themselves by a field's worth, an orchard's worth at a time. Francis is extravagant, and has to write home, and often, for moneys hard to be supplied. Dona Maria is anxious. Ought not Francis to be recalled ? But his sister Magdalena, a Poor Clare now at Gandia, proves herself to be, in her cloister, a woman of wider view and imagination than the châtelaine of Xavier. At all costs Francis must finish his education at Paris: his extravagant life is but a phase; he is bound, the nun insists, to make good. Cut down his expenses he did, and was, indeed, forced to do so; yet he left no stone unturned to obtain the full legal verification of his pedigree and its patents to nobility. His career in the Church, too, must be distinguished, and he begs his uncle, who belongs to the Cathedral Chapter of Pamplona, to obtain for him some benefice at that place. Not for some years—not, in fact, till Francis's own views were changing—did his brothers seriously attend to this. But in the September and October of 1535 the official recognition of the Xaviers' rank was proclaimed, and on August 4, 1536, the *Corte-mayor* of Pamplona declared,

in the name of Charles V., that "Don Francisco de Jaxu y Xavier was *hijodalgo* of noble and gentle birth, according to the four stems of his paternal and maternal genealogy."

It were a weakness—to-day, at any rate—to suppose that titles as such mean anything: it is affectation, and in fact downright unscientific, to pretend that breeding counts for nothing. The supernatural may no doubt disregard the natural substratum into which it comes, but mostly it does not. The Breviary itself constantly displays an almost naïve interest in the stock from which Saints spring. There is no doubt that "ancient wealth," regarded by Æschylus as the best patent of nobility, implies generations of freedom from sordid preoccupation, of practice in government, of possible width of outlook and action on a large scale, and of taking one's self for granted. All this strongly moulds the soul. One thus intrinsically fashioned will probably feel ashamed of falling beneath his post; more, by a certain security as to his essential value, he will be able freely to dispense with the trappings, the *mise en scène*, the ἐκτὸς χορηγία, which are his due, yet must more eagerly be snatched at by those whose title to them is less recognized. Yet he will take, and take rather

heedlessly, it may be, what he wants, because he feels he deserves it. This breeziness of method and the conquering disposition which this implies will carry such a man on far, and reveal themselves whatever be his line in life. So, too, in the case of Francis. The narrow, the cooped and cabined, were instinctively displeasing to him. He must travel, and have life at its largest. A Court, a cathedral, a Commandership-in-Chief, must be for him. In effect, far wider horizons shall be his. Spiritual viceroy of Kings and Popes, he will know himself, even so, Legate of a yet higher King. Whole continents shall be his allotted territory, but his undisputed empire is to be the hardest of all to gain and keep—the rule, that is, over the innermost of men's consciences and souls.

II.

AT PARIS

1525—1536

"For more is not reserved
To man, with soul just nerved
To act to-morrow what he learns to-day:
Here, work enough to watch
The Master work, and catch
Hints of the proper craft, tricks of the tool's true play.
Yea! it was better youth
Should strive, through acts uncouth,
Toward making, than repose on aught found made. . . ."

I.

In 1525, then, Francis left for Paris, being nineteen years old. He entered at the college of Ste. Barbe, where he paid, as *camériste*, both board and lodging. His servant, Miguel, was a Navarrese of bad character, destined, in fact, to turn out something of a villain. A moneyed master, ready for vagabondage of manners or morals, would have found in him a skilled accomplice. Ste. Barbe stood in the southern part of the Latin Quarter, separated

by narrow lanes from other colleges all about it. Into one of these, the veriest sewer, poured the drainage of the College of Montaigu, a reactionary, semi-monastic backwater, in the opinion of go-ahead Ste. Barbe, and sharply ridiculed by Rabelais. Stringent regulations were laid down, intended to coerce into good behaviour the peccant and pugnacious undergraduate; useless were they, as even in our own time, when, though far more rarely, the youth of our Universities elects to raid the town. In Paris the most savage holdings-up, barrings-out, armed ambush and attack, were constant in these black lanes, with their jutting buttresses, yawning pitfalls, and overhanging windows. Terrors hurtled from above; terrors gaped below. Worse than this, a torrent of immorality poured its fœtid flood into this cesspool of the town.

Personal pride, especially when reinforced by poverty, is in such circumstances a strong succour. It was strong in Francis, and, though slow in being alchemized, provided him from the beginning with a fund of self-respect, and readiness for self-discipline and control, which in time would render the more spiritual virtues at once easier to believe in, to understand, and to practise. Meanwhile it was not

difficult for Francis to see that the indiscriminate vice of his fellow-students was beneath him, a taint, a slur. He refused to condescend.

But pride is insufficient. Clearly as a motive it is not the highest. Even on its own level it cannot be trusted. It instils a self-restraint which tends to hold a man aloof from all he deems contemptible. But not all things always will he so esteem. A "gentleman" has been defined as one who knows "when to draw the line." But to draw a line need not imply a wholesale taboo. There are, for instance, intrigues which arouse in a man the primitive lust of the chase; there are conquests which are flattering. There are, too, the devouring onslaughts of that white flame of passion which seems, to the sinner, to purify what else were doubtless sin. Lancelot was never "wanderingly lewd," yet it was he, not least, and Guinevere, whose tragedy worked havoc in Arthur's Court and kingdom. Therefore, although a man may proudly, even scornfully, sweep away from his life all that is sly, leering, coarse, or cynical, yet may he be carried violently away from his chosen pedestal by the torrent-force of passion, or even charmed therefrom by subtle self-deception and by intellectual chicanery, and even by a mistaken reading of the

laws of chivalry. Beyond all this, there are moments when the very proudest, the surest of himself, feels the world crumbling beneath his feet. There are moods of loneliness, of disgust with life, of impish perversity, of sickly craving, nay, of downright rebellious animality, when all human resolution or trained instinct is swamped. Of all enemies, the temperamental mood is the most dangerous by far. Unaccountable in its advent, bewildering in character, blind in its issues, it shatters its victim's plans. Whence does it rise? Who knows? Yet let us brutally defeat our rising vanities. Few men are "cases," or interestingly dual personalities. Physical equilibrium even in the least degree disturbed will suffice to create "moods," a liver attack, a digestion interfered with. . . . Anyhow, at such moments it is Principle, and nothing else, which saves a man, Principle held to blindly, obstinately, by a bulldog will; an ultimate awareness that right is right, despite the endlessly sophisticated arguments that fill the brain; despite the sick and rainbow-radiant mists that set the imagination a-swirl; despite the imperative command of the body. But so to hold is not in the power of any will save helped by grace from God.

How serious, then, was the risk run by Francis is immediately obvious, though it has his own emphatic declaration. He asserted roundly that in his time the moral tone of the University was shocking, and that his chosen associates were in no way above its level. He used, he frankly owned, to accompany them on their nocturnal expeditions, the more readily since his own professor shared them. Nor can we in truthfulness omit what, from the point of view of Francis's development, is the most important point of all, that not supernatural convictions, nor even the human self-esteem we spoke of, kept him from sin, but good downright fear of the appalling maladies he saw rife around him.* When his professor died miserably thus, Francis received an important shock, and his self-control, which, after two years of precarious integrity, was running out, received a fresh support in the person of a new and clean-lived tutor. Persons always meant much to the vivid sympathies of Francis, and the reinforcement which this new influence

* This is Francis's own view. I have no proof, but I surmise that in his, as in so many cases, there was a deep current of supernatural idea and resolve so far below the explicit consciousness that it was never even self-confessed. Many men are so much better than they imagine, or know, or say!

received by the apparition in his circle of Peter Favre, the young Swiss shepherd-genius, was all-important. Favre knew by experience the struggle Francis was ever more consciously enduring; and while on his side he was to thank God for having let him meet Xavier and share his room, Francis, even before Peter's death, would insert the name of that gentle, sincere, and lovable man in the litany of the Saints.* Almost light-heartedly, then,

* Just before Francis started for Venice in 1534, to punish himself for what he considered undue pride of body and for the overkeen delight he felt he had taken in athletic successes at Paris and when a boy at home, he bound his arms and legs tightly with knotted cords. One day the swollen flesh closed over the cords so completely that it was considered impossible to cut them, and the amputation of an arm was seriously spoken of. Xavier spent two days in great distress, when the swelling suddenly subsided, and the cords came off. Francis then was not unconscious of his personal assets. Moreover, his instincts were more violent than many a man's. Later, at Rome, Simon Rodriguez, who shared his room and could not sleep, saw Xavier struggle in his dreams, leap on the bed, strike the air, and so strain in the fight that the blood welled from his nostrils and throat. "What is it? What is it?" cried Simon, panic-stricken. "Nothing," answered Francis curtly. "How 'nothing,'" asked Rodriguez, "with your throat choked with blood?" Francis remained dumb. Simon decided the devil had been strangling him. . . . Long afterwards, in

so far, had Xavier guarded a treasure he never lost. In the most impossible situations of his later life, amid unparalleled audacities of behaviour, he will walk scathless, untouched (save once, by a plot of proven calumny) by the slightest breath of scandal, and, since purity is creative, inspiring all around him the virtue he possessed.

II.

Hitherto the issue had been clear. I do not think Francis ever had any illusions as to the essential wrongness of yielding to the clamour of the animal within him. Doubtless in many a sophisticated student of that time the Renaissance had implanted perversities of imagination, pagan ideals, and unbelieved-in arguments for vice. Doubtless a halo had been cast, for some, around sin, such as for many a decadent of our own or the past generation has been lit up by a yet newer paganism and a Christless mysticism. In the sturdy Basque brain, however, these morbid germs had not been suffered,

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Portugal, Xavier told Simon of the manner of temptation which in his dreams had leapt upon him. Later, in India, having learnt by experience the trap which malice sets even for the most innocent, he will lay down clear rules for the safeguarding of the reputation of his priests.

by wholesome heredity, environment, and training, to insert themselves; nor yet in the sicklier sentimentalism of our northern, half-educated youth could the Spanish realist have found congenial nutriment. To Francis Xavier the branching road was manifest; he could choose the path of sin should he will to run in it, or he could suffer himself to be cajoled, half drowsed, to stroll or saunter down it. Humanly speaking, this he almost did. But that it was the path of sin he would not have disguised from himself.

Far subtler was the intellectual temptation which beset the brilliant undergraduate.

He was only nineteen, after all, when he went up to Paris! And Paris at that time was seething with excitement. The feverish winds of the Renaissance tore madly down those black and narrow lanes, setting the dust and straws awhirl and the crass pools rippling, carrying on their brilliant wings strange perfumes from Greece and even Syria to intoxicate young brains and make the fancy reel. Above the "Gothic silhouette" of old Paris glittered the gold and marble vision of Athene's city. Boys came away from their professors' classes drunk with the new knowledge, and these professors of Ste. Barbe's were among the fore-

most of their time—Cordier, the grammarian; d'Estrebay, the Latinist; Buchanan, the Scotch poet; Fernel, mathematician, astronomer, philosopher, and *littérateur*, and so packed were Fernel's classes that the professor's pulpit had to be dragged out into the open. Francis took to this new atmosphere like a duck to water. In 1526 his literary studies were over. In 1529 he passed a second examination in philosophy and the "sciences," and as Bachelor could now teach beginners while still at his own more advanced studies. In 1530 the further examination for the Licentiate was passed. The extraordinary brilliance of his fellow-lodger, Favre, was a continual stimulus, though in truth he needed none. Besides his own unquenchable ambition, he was nervously eager to shine in his philosophy professorship, which he now accepted in the College of Dormans-Beauvais.

But in the midst of this intellectual effervescence one element was of supreme importance. As Bobadilla, one of Xavier's future friends and associates, pithily put it: *Qui græcizabant, Lutheranizabant* ("Who loved Greek, loved Luther"). The Collège de France, on one side of Ste. Barbe, was full of innovators. In that of Fortet, Calvin, from 1531, worked

quietly. Kop and Cordier were, or were to be, at Ste. Barbe itself. The King's sister, Margaret of Navarre, had grouped around herself a constellation of the unorthodox. Later on Francis regarded with horror the spell these new ideas had begun to cast upon him. On March 25, 1535, he was to write to his brother John a regular *apologia* of his orthodoxy. John had heard that Francis was flirting with heresy, and that Ignatius, with whom Francis then lived, was as bad or worse. If Francis really did play with fire, his fingers were scarcely burnt. He is furious with his calumniators, so much so that, forgetful that his conversion was yet young, his earlier editors have mutilated his letter. He is deeply incensed against these "few ill-natured and perverse men. I wish I knew who they were, that I might pay them back as they deserve. I can't do this, because they present themselves under the mask of being friends of mine. God knows the mortification I experience at being unable to recompense them according to their works. My one consolation is, *Quod differtur non aufertur*."* How strange seems the circle of events when we perceive that Francis entrusted this letter to Ignatius de Loyola, ill, and having to return for a while

* Almost, Better late than never.

to Spain. Thus to that very Juan de Azpilcueta, whom he had once encountered in the breach of Pamplona, Ignatius handed over this letter from his brother Francis! In it Francis goes out of his way to prove that so far from Ignatius being guilty it was to him he, Francis, owed his severance from these ill influences. "In my inexperience," he wrote, "I did not perceive the real character of my bad companions. To-day, the heretical opinions of these persons are a mystery to no one, and I would give anything in the world never to have associated with them."

An absurd myth was floated in the sixties of the past century that Xavier became a Protestant at heart, and to the end retained an un-Catholic width of view and flexibility of action. But for Ignatius, it was argued, France had found the brilliant, gay Reformer that she needed. No; Francis could never have been a Reformer in the sense of Luther or of Calvin. His irrepressible sense of humour would sufficiently have saved him from that. Unmarried, he might have made a less genial Thomas More. Taken up by Margaret of Navarre, he might have become a kindlier Erasmus. If so, I imagine he would in any case, like Erasmus, have come to look with

horror at his coquetries with heresy, once she was unmasked, and that his keen annoyance with the shortcomings of contemporary conservatism would have been tempered by time. His brain was far too vigorous not to perceive, what is now so clear, that the Reformation was in reality removing the whole foundation of historical Christianity. Through this mental crisis Xavier, then, undoubtedly did pass to emerge, hence too, victorious.

Xavier therefore has revealed himself, surely, as altogether human, altogether intelligible, and near ourselves. His was no overwhelming nobility, as Borgia's was to be, or Aloysius Gonzaga's, or Kostka's; his was that excellent manner of breed which has given to our own country so many sound politicians, courageous and gallant officers, and equitable judges. England has been staffed throughout, one may say, by the sons of those large houses where neither enervating wealth nor crippling poverty have prevented education being generous, hardy, ambitious, yet not insolent. These men, like Xavier, go mostly in youth to University, Army, or Navy. He, like them, experienced all that is incidental to developing body and brain. Xavier, again and again, is a type we know and prize; his experiences and

fights were those of the utterly ordinary man. His very victories, when in an enormously important part of conduct he determined to control himself, were carried off with no mystic or sublime weapons, but from prudential considerations, and because he was modest and friendly enough to allow himself to be influenced by good men. Even so does a high percentage of our contemporaries, despite the customary lie which asserts the opposite, keep itself wholly free, or mostly free, from graver moral lapse. Alien, by his sound instinct, to the genuinely corrupt and lewd, Xavier gives the lie, too, to the false oracles that to live pure is to lack experience, not to have seen life, to be but half a man; or that equilibrium is to be maintained only by regulated indulgence. In him, whatever of Sainthood he was to acquire, was to be prefaced by an ordinary human life, lived well; an ordinary human instinct made the best of.

Just, then, as we neither flatter Francis for any mysterious exemption from trials incident to all normal adolescence, so neither shall we scold him nor others if for a brief space their new-hatched notions create a hubbub and make them fractious, unruly, and impatient of authority. Most men at adolescence, or soon

after, go through a certain intellectual upheaval. To those whose brain is even tolerably active it may be a period of very considerable excitement. To those exceptionally gifted it may be perfectly volcanic. In these, ideas seem to run rapidly up into their awareness, following some fine and fiery, quickly evanescent, train of thought, and then to explode with all the starry brilliance of a rocket. Consequences, analogies, values, flare into parti-coloured splendour all about them; the very stars, fixed hitherto in the solid firmament, principles firmly riveted as sun and moon for the ruling of day and of night, seem to spring from their sockets, so to say, and to reel in a wild geometry of interweaving flame. Life is reborn day by day; the world is incessantly recreated; to yield unalterable assent to any dogma, or rigid obedience to any law, seems like suicide, a deadly blow dealt to the emancipated, probing, soaring, exploring spirit of man. Youth rediscovers for itself the truth of platitudes once felt as stale and flat; or it improves upon them, corrects them, interconnects them, and transcends while it retains them. It feels itself linked with all the past, and yet to be not stationary. It speeds through all the possibilities of the present, and feels itself to be

preparing the future. Above all, it is aware that all this is happening for the first time in history; that nothing has ever been quite like itself; that at last and undoubtedly the Prophet has come into the world; that in this little unknown room at Oxford or Innsbruck or Harvard, or in this garret of some London back-street, is living at last the one who, through no merit of his own, yet none the less infallibly, shall heal the universe.

Yes! for all this may go with a most sweet innocence. The youth's whole being, when you meet him, may be an incarnate *Non Nobis*. The frank expression of a bubbling egotism may be, as someone said, the truest modesty. At least it is not that sickly inner life which shrinks from external intercourse lest it provoke the comparison which subconsciously it fears. It is no philosopher-Narcissus, on his knees before his own intellectual perfections till he finds he has let life go by, and dies in isolation. And even if along with the blossoming of thought comes a good deal of simple vanity—well, vanity is not pride. There is an added legitimate delight in a good thing just because it is your property. And what if you deem it to be your discovery? There is a boyish "swollen

head," as grey growlers call it, which isn't a bad thing. A man is being born, and is learning to walk on a new-discovered earth. He will never do anything unless he thinks he can do more than he can. The boy feels a delight in putting forth his strength. Perhaps he does so too often, too noisily, perhaps at other folk's expense. Well, let him! The delight *is* delightful, and may never come again. Oh, the churlish curmudgeon who would snub it into the commonplace! The "large draughts of intellectual day" go to the head, I know: the tiniest sips, to some heads. Yet the light, as God very well saw, was good, and didn't stint it; and wine is good, albeit Noah was unlucky. But even he learnt wisdom by experiment, and wouldn't have wished the world to take to total abstinence. Total abstinence in thought is indeed not edifying. It is doubtless true that a certain number of young men, and even women, are so taken up with athletics and falling in love that they have no time for anything else; yet a little thought, and much emotion, is liberated by even these. Far worse, there is an apparently increasing quantity of people who, critics of games rather than performers, and *flaneurs* in erotics, never read anything whatsoever, or

at best the story-magazines or the papers; and of these, parts only; and that, cursorily and without appeal to reflection or even memory, so that the stage itself ceases to appeal to them; they cannot "follow" a play, they hie them to hurricane-paced cinemas or nightmare revues. In these, of course, thought has not even a chance of germing, or perishes forthwith for lack of sustenance, or in the chilling air. Hence allusion means nothing to them; comparison is impossible; they cannot supply a fact, and are helpless to cope with any notion, and their neighbours are too shy to say anything in such company which might savour of showing off. Hence the petrifying dulness of so many dinner-tables. Hence the modern reluctance even to "take a walk." Yet, even in these, even in these, there is at adolescence a certain commotion in the mind, a certain simmering, very likely to be drugged or choked by life, yet full of possibilities while it lasts, if dealt with wisely. At this point then, too, Xavier's development coincides with that of all living men, and observe his miraculous good fortune that, at the right moment, he met the right Man.

It is our singular custom to continue the education of both sexes beyond the closing gates of boy

and girlhood in any chosen direction other than that of religious thought. A volume might be written on this subject. It remains, there is no after-school education of the *religious* mind. Doubtless retreats are doing something, when they take this fact into consideration. Study-clubs are doing something, too, in regard to the contact between the Catholic life and the social and political life of a man. Yet, on the whole, Catholics provide—and God knows with what difficulty—good schools for our leading classes, anyhow, up to adolescence. We turn our boys and girls out into Universities or other training-plots, and there, while guiding their steps in the preliminaries to whatever career they choose, or in liberal education generally, we leave them, religiously speaking, uncatered for at the very moment when the alert intellect is dealing eagerly with whatever comes its way, unhelped, unpiloted. Idle to say they know their Catechism, they "learnt their religion" at school. But their mind has changed: every fact is newly envisaged, newly dealt with; the whole reaction is new, the products are other. Even when not ill-interested in their beliefs, they risk being just *un*interested. They may not go away, but they just don't go at all. But, in any form

of life, not to go is to grow atrophied and paralyzed. The spiritual life just dies. Doubtless mere head-interest is not enough. To be "interested" in religion, but unspiritually, is to reduce one's faith to the level of one's own intellect: to treat it as a subject one's brain can adequately deal with, thereby insuring its mishandling by the erratic, half-fledged wits, its crippling, and perhaps thus, too, its death. But, on the whole, what is needed by our generation, and by any generation, at its adolescence, is not suppression, not snubs, not ridicule, not sheer disregarding, but an endlessly patient and tactful guidance, at once imaginatively sympathetic, intellectually capable, and spiritual. Francis Xavier found such a guide in Ignatius Loyola. May he make it his business, in gratitude, to pray that many such another be given to our very unshepherded young flocks to-day!

III.

CONVERSION AND CONVALESCENCE

1528—1540

"Therefore I summon age
To grant youth's heritage,
Life's struggle having so far reached its term:
Thence shall I pass, approved
A man, for aye removed
From the developed brute; a god though in the germ.

"And I shall thereupon
Take rest, e'er I be gone
Once more on my adventure brave and new:
Fearless and unperplexed,
When I wage battle next,
What weapons to select, what armour to endue."

MEN are, after all, the most important force in life, not arguments; magnetism, not coercion. Sword and syllogism alike go down before soul-contact. That is perhaps why Christianity is not in chief a philosophy nor a rule-book, but is Christ. Certainly, with the entry of Ignatius of Loyola into Xavier's life the great change came.

I.

In 1528 Ignatius had come to Paris, and was an extern scholar at the very respectable College of Montaigu. He was not particularly popular, even among his compatriots. Middle-aged, shabby, unkempt, limping, he frankly begged his keep, and swept out corridors for a pittance. Too reserved for the vulgar, deliberately *déclassé* in the eyes of gentlemen, even when, like Francis, they were poor enough—to all he seemed perverse and unintelligible. His person was roughly handled, his room was "ragged." In 1529 he transferred himself to Ste. Barbe, and, by strange chance, was made to share the room already occupied by Xavier and Favre. Apparently Xavier was asked to help his very backward fellow-countryman in his studies. He objected strongly, and shuffled the dull job on to the gentler Favre. He must have been present when Ignatius was on the verge of a public flogging; the acquittal seemed to make the business no less discreditable. In short, Xavier frankly disliked Ignatius. He laughed at his way of life. He answered so flippantly when Ignatius broke in upon Francis's flamboyant development of his own ambitions with the words, "What shall it

profit a man if he gain the whole world and lose his soul," that one less unselfishly sensitive would have found his affection frozen and his lips for ever sealed. Francis jeered at Ignatius when he passed him in the streets, and jeered, too, at the younger students from Alcalà, Laynez and Salmeron, whom the report of Loyola's virtues had drawn to Paris. But Ignatius laid resolute siege to Francis, and what Ignatius meant to do he always did. "I have heard our great moulder of men, Ignatius, declare," Polanco was to write, "that the stiffest clay he ever had to handle was, at the outset, Francis Xavier." Yet he conquered. He definitely admitted Xavier to his "Company" before either Salmeron or Laynez.

I expect the Rubicon was crossed when Xavier, reduced one day to downright pennilessness, due apparently not least to the expensive verification of his patents of nobility, was forced to accept the loan of some coins Ignatius had begged. That was an obligation which must generate definitely either hate or homage. After this, Ignatius began to collect pupils whose fees should fill Xavier's pockets, and in return Xavier ceased to haunt the heterodox.

In 1533 Favre went back to Switzerland, and for seven months Ignatius was left alone with

Francis. During those months the miracle was worked, none knows how.* When Favre returned, early in 1534, he found Francis an altered man. He had abandoned his dreams of ecclesiastical and even of scholastic eminence; he had forcibly to be kept to the professorial post where his success was ruffling his new-born humility. He prayed; he loved his poverty; he did penance. With Favre, ordained priest that year, Bobadilla, Rodriguez, Laynez, and Salmeron, he offered himself to follow Christ, with Ignatius for guide.

Noble dreams beset these men. They allowed themselves three more years of Paris life to complete their theological studies, but of a Paris life spent in chastity and poverty. Afterwards, in 1537, they would meet in Venice; from Venice they vowed to journey to Jerusalem; there they would live and evangelize the Gentiles, or, returning, would fling themselves at the feet of Christ's Vicar, and beg to be sent by him to carry Christ's name

* During them, too, Xavier's sister, the Abbess Magdalena, had died. Her life had been offered for her brother's salvation, and she had done her work. Her appalling death-agony was voluntarily accepted for the sake of a sister, and it was noticed that during it her serenity of visage never changed, though, in her paroxysms of pain and resolve not to scream, she had bitten her tongue in several places right through.

among Turks and infidels and to the ends of the earth. On the Feast of the Assumption, 1534, the triple vow was sealed at the altar of the ancient Montmartre crypt where Favre had offered Mass. Imagine what passion of prayer, resolve, and renunciation poured up that summer morning from the historied hill where Ignatius and his six Companions had made Communion! Yet of that early dream Xavier alone would realize the outline.* From the *Exercises* which followed Xavier emerged a hero.

The months ran by; the Companions were now nine; the autumn of 1536 arrived. To reach Venice at the appointed hour, the final examination, with its consequent title of doctor in theology, would be sacrificed. Other sacrifices Xavier had already made. His titles of nobility were complete; he relinquished them. The Canons of Nostra Señora del Sagrario had unanimously elected him to an empty stall. Wealth and career were doubly open to him. He renounced them, abandoned Paris, and began the journey which was to end with his life. He left his University; but

* At this time Ignatius was forty-three; Favre and Xavier, twenty-eight; Bobadilla and Rodriguez, about twenty-seven and twenty-six; Laynez, twenty-two; Salmeron, barely eighteen.

its memory will haunt him to the end. Twelve years he had lived in it, and he was only thirty. All that happens to a man between boyhood and maturity had happened to him there. All the crises of body and brain and spirit, of temptation, of grace, and of conversion, he had there passed through. Many who had not suspected themselves of sentiment marvel to discover that one stone of Oxford has come to mean more to them than all the capitals of Europe. Memories, emotions, hopes, cling for them around the grey spires and the willow-trees, not to be disentangled. All was new then; everything was beginning; friendships were different; work and play were meaningful; all the future was one great promise. "Of the infinite dream little enough remains." For Francis, the future was utterly other than what Paris foresaw; but he never forgot, never regretted, and never thought trivially of Paris.

On January 8, 1537, the nine reached Venice, and found Ignatius awaiting them.

For the next three years Francis entered on a curious interspace in life, during which his existence seems depersonalized, and his whole story typical rather than individual. He assimilates himself to his companions, and they, to all religious enthusiasts of their time, even

as these, copying, in the flush of their conversion, the types best known to them, revert for a while to the Middle Ages. As certain novices appear to lose, for a space, all personal characteristics, all sense of age, preference, period, sex, all background, even all objective save the moment's work, so absorbed are they in one or two tremendous notions, or, it may be, in the sense of one supersufficient Comradeship, so these Jesuits-to-be fuse, as it were, for the time, with those who then were setting the standard and tone of Christian enthusiasm. St. Gaetano had recently founded the Incurables' Hospital at Venice; St. Geronimo degli Emiliani had worked there since; thither Francis went, speaking his bad Italian, trading on no quality or degree, making beds, bandaging sores and wounds, digging graves and burying the dead, washing beggars' rags, and living on alms.*

* He accomplished the terrific act of physical self-conquest proper to this chapter of sanctification. Ashamed to sicken at the sight of a purulent skin illness, he placed to his lips his filthied fingers. A personal trait redeems the tale. As a man who has overwalked himself dreams all night of walking, so the fastidious Francis, nervously overtaxed, could not forget his deed. All night he tossed and choked and struggled. He felt that the leprosy had settled on his lips, in his throat. He awoke, exhausted, but victorious, and made a joke of it.

In torrential rain, fasting (for it was Lent, and from sheer necessity); tramping eighteeen miles one Sunday through floods at times breast-high, on a crust of bread in the morning and a few pine-cones gathered and chewed at night; sleeping where best they could, yet losing that very sleep for joyousness, singing Psalms and exulting in God, they tramped down Italy and reached Rome; and after a space (for the war, soon to break out between Venice and the Turk, made Jerusalem impossible) they returned to the north. On June 24, 1537, Francis was ordained priest, and said his first Mass at Vicenza in the late autumn. At Bologna he awaited directions from Ignatius, who was back at Rome, and, says Domenech, at this time his whole conversation was about the Indies and of preaching there. Earlier, a nightmare had haunted him. He would appear broken beneath the weight of an Indian, and would arouse his companion by his cries. God, he felt, too, was asking perilous labour of him, and in his enthusiastic acceptance he would awaken the scared Rodriguez by his cries of "More! yet more!" But when Ignatius called him to Rome two illnesses had made him unrecognizable. It was clear he would work no more. He was given two months of life. He

remained quiet, happily for him. Ignatius is accused of heresy, in part by the villain of the piece, Miguel the Navarrese, who already in Paris had climbed Ignatius's window at midnight, bent upon murdering the man who had ridded Francis of him. This tale, though, has been told. But neither was Francis to be left in peace. He had heard confessions; he directed souls. A wretched woman, his penitent, lived on in sin and was detected. She denounced Xavier as her accomplice. Here, as in Loyola's case, a Providential chance revealed the guilty, and Francis was acquitted. This horrible experience put him on his mettle. He reappeared, visited hospitals and prisons, and preached at San Luigi dei Francesi. He discussed with Ignatius the Rule of the future Institute, and when the rest of the Fathers went abroad on missions, ill-lettered Ignatius kept him behind as secretary.* Francis as yet lacked suppleness of action. He drove his principles to

* Secretary! How that word reveals that the old nomad days are over! We are now full in the period of fixed abode, of epistolary ties, of business, programme, organization. Travel each as they will, the Jesuits are bound now to a centre, to Ignatius at Rome. Their religious *Wanderjahr*, their sanctified grand tour, is over. The "beloved vagabonds" of Christ must settle down. Only, for the stay-at-home secretary, the romance is still but beginning.

death. Poor Father Estrada complained bitterly; he was always writing to Rome and getting no reply. "Whose fault is that?" answered Ignatius. "Why, Signor Master Francis's. His fingers are numb with the cold, and it never seems to occur to him that fire was made to warm one's hands at."

Thus, amid quiet duties and sober ascetic industries, in an almost conventual air of demure pleasantries, the first chapter closes.

II.

Quietly the first chapter closed, and quietly the second began, and then quiet was, for Francis, for ever finished.

In 1539 John III. of Portugal ordered his ambassador at Rome, Don Pedro Mascarenhas, to examine whether the "Companions" would be fit folk to evangelize his dominion of the Indies. Mascarenhas interviewed Ignatius, who was ready if the Pope approved, which he did. Whom should Ignatius send? Two at most could go. Rodriguez, ex-scholar of the King of Portugal at Ste. Barbe's, was an obvious choice. He set off for Lisbon on March 5, from Civita Vecchia, with most of Don Pedro's staff. Bobadilla, intrepid, reckless, rather

violent for home missions, was sent for from Naples. He arrived, half paralyzed by sciatica, and forthwith relapsed. But the eve of the ambassador's departure had arrived. He could not wait, but was determined to have his second man. Of the first Companions only Salmeron and Xavier were at Rome. Salmeron was due for Ireland. Ignatius, ill in bed, sent for his secretary. Ribadeneira, a successor in that post, relates what passed.

"Xavier," said Ignatius, "you know that by order of His Holiness two of Ours have to start for India. We had chosen Bobadilla, but he is too ill to go, and the ambassador can't wait. You must go."

"Certainly," said Xavier. "At once. Here I am. *Pues, sus ! heme aqui !*"

He had less than a day for his arrangements. He mended a cassock and some underlinen, packed them into a bundle with his breviary and presumably visited the Pope. He then wrote out three documents, containing, first, the approbation of whatever the Constitutions, yet unwritten, should contain; second, his own vows as a Companion; third, his vote for Ignatius as Superior.* He then received direc-

* He gave a second vote for Favre; and Favre, voting first for Ignatius, put Xavier as second.

tions from Ignatius concerning correspondence, and next day, March 16, 1540, left for Lisbon.

Thus, with no fanfaronade of farewell, no noise or lamentation, Ignatius cut off from himself, for ever, as he quite well knew, his dearest and nearest friend; and Francis, for the sake of Christ, left behind him all country and people, friends and enterprises, and the man who had called him to God's service. Ignatius and Francis each loved the other better than all the world. Each gave the other up, the moment God spoke. Here, then, is the high deed of very gallant gentlemen, done as it should be done.

Wherever, as at Bologna, the memory of Xavier's visit two years previously was fresh, his advent was announced. Crowds poured out to meet him, besieged his confessional, tearfully escorted him forth, like St. Paul, upon his way. Deep disappointment awaited him at Parma. Favre had that very day left it for Brescia, to return in a fortnight only. Mascarenhas could not wait; the friends never met again. Accidents, not unusual for that period, diversified the route. A groom got carried away by a river in flood. He was saved, the ambassador said, by Xavier's prayers. Xavier said, by the ambassador's. Other incidents left less

room for these reciprocal courtesies. Don Pedro's aide-de-camp, who had quarrelled violently with his master, went ahead to prepare the night's lodging. Xavier, anxious for peace, galloped after him; luckily, it turned out, for the man's horse had bolted, had pitched his rider over a declivity, and, falling after him, had broken his own neck and pinned the unlucky man beneath him. Francis freed him, and got his way.... Again, snowdrifts rendered the Alps all but impassable. The ambassador's secretary, treading where all seemed solid, sank, and disappeared over the edge of a ravine. Deep down, a torrent roared. Horror-struck and helpless, the men gazed at one another, peered into the blackness, and abandoned hope. Meanwhile Xavier, who, despite his illnesses, could still trust muscles and head, had scrambled down the precipice, found the wretched secretary hooked by his clothes to a rock, and hauled him up again. But not chiefly by these sensational performances did he win the hearts of the caravan. His thoughtfulness and kindliness, his ubiquitous good offices, above all, his untiring cheerfulness, made it a pleasure, they said, to have him with them. He liked seeing to the horses, and was as genial with the grooms as he was at ease and un-

affected with Mascarenhas. One of his younger companions frankly declared, later, how young, wealthy, free from supervision, he had been enjoying life considerably too well in half a dozen countries. He had racketed across half Europe, and needed and feared confession more than anything in the world. Francis Xavier, enormously interested in all he had to tell of, listened to his harangues by the hour. Imperceptibly, the boy found his point of view was changing. Fascinated by Francis, he reconstrued life. Long before Lisbon was reached, he had made his general confession, and, said he, "for the first time in my life I understood what it is to be a Christian." Foreshadowed here are all the special characteristics of Xavier's developed sanctity.

In Lisbon they arrived in June, 1540.*

Rodriguez, there since April, was expecting an attack of quartan ague. In his joy to see Xavier he decided not to have it, and they worked together during the eight months before the fleet could sail, effecting a not quite

* It used to be said that Francis, out of self-conquest, refrained from visiting Xavier, under whose walls he passed, and his mother. But Mascarenhas, to whom Ignatius had entrusted a letter for his brother at Loyola, would not have passed near Xavier. As for Dona Maria, she had died long ago.

transitory reformation in the court. To the delighted John III. the Jesuits owed their first establishments, not alone in Portugal, but in Brazil, Ethiopia, the Congo, and India, though at first he wished to keep both priests in Portugal, so popular and effective were they. Paul III. and Ignatius left the decision in John's hands, Ignatius hinting at a division of forces. Why not keep Rodriguez? Thus it was settled. Nor could Xavier have been happy at Lisbon, packed as it was with the strangest visitors—ambassadors from Ceylon, from India, from the Congo; with negro priests and a black Bishop; with princes from Malabar and Cape Comorin. A certain Cingalese kinglet, wishing to insure the inheritance to his grandson, sent a gold statue of the boy to John, and in Lisbon its coronation was by him pompously performed. Moreover, the Pope's briefs conferring full powers and a papal nunciature upon Francis had arrived, recommending the missionaries to the good-will of the kings and lords of the isles of the Red, the Persian, and the Oceanic seas, and especially to David, King of Ethiopia.

March, the month of sailing, came. Francis said his last farewells. "May we meet again in the next life," he wrote to Rome. "As for

this one, who knows? Rome and India are wide apart; the harvest is great. Each will have work enough where he is. But, whoever of us shall first enter into the other life, and *there finds not the brother whom in the Lord he loves*, let him pray Christ our Lord to give us all the grace to meet again in glory."

The solemn moment came. All Lisbon liked to watch the yearly departure. Convents used to escort the distant fleet with a "month's mind," the Mass of the Angels, said *pro navigantibus*. Yearly, too, since Vasco de Gama's example, travellers would meet in the chapel of Our Lady of Nazareth, in Belen, a suburb of Lisbon. This year Paul III. had attached indulgences to a visit there, for the garrisons due for India, and the faithful who should pray for them. Last confessions were made; wills were drawn up. A Belen convent carried down a pulpit to the shore, and for the last time Xavier's voice was heard in Europe. On April 7, 1541 (for winds had kept the fleet locked there within the Tagus) he embarked. It was his birthday, and he was thirty-five. To the blare of trumpets and chant of hymns, the thirty-five lumbering, blunt-nosed, transport vessels* heaved out to sea. Europe faded in the blue.

* One out of every ten of this type used to founder.

IV.

IN THE EAST

"Come, my friends,
'Tis not too late to seek a newer world,
Push off, and sitting well in order smite
The sounding furrows: . . .
That which we are, we are;
One equal temper of heroic hearts,
Made weak by time and fate, but strong in will
To strive, to seek, to find, and not to yield."

ULYSSES.

THE journey was appalling.* For two months Francis was incessantly sea-sick. The fantastic vision of the East had filled the ships with a heterogeneous mob of emigrants, among whom were hundreds of that scum of which Portugal was only too glad to be rid. These lived in a foul and murderous promiscuity. The steerage reeked, physically and morally. After Sierra Leone, the fleet fell into the "calms," and lay in sweltering heat for forty

* It lasted over a year, April 7, 1541 to May 6, 1542, instead of the usual six months.

days. Sudden gusts set it tossing, but not progressing; to the return of nausea a hideous epidemic was added. No sanitary appliances of any sort were obtainable. The food putrefied, the doled-out water was warm and crawled with life; the ships were an inferno. Xavier, himself staggering with weakness, was all in all to the panic-stricken cursing crews. His food, his clothes, his very cabin, he sacrificed. At Mozambique, "the graveyard of Portugal," they were forced to winter. No Port Said of our day equals its moral turpitude. Here, too, Xavier gathered around himself a motley and adoring troop—soldiers, slaves, sailors, and natives. He fell sick, and, bled to utter exhaustion, recovered from a delirium in which his whole talk had been of the beloved children he was serving. It were idle to detail what was the most horrible year of his life. On May 6, in the evening, the coast of India was sighted, and, with their background of the Ghats, the palms of Goa waved green.

As utterly impossible were it adequately to outline even Xavier's missionary life. The mere list of places that he visited and tribes to whom he preached would wearisomely overflow our limits and bewilder the brain. Yet in some way an idea of what he did should reach

us, else the heroicity of his labour fails to touch our imagination. I will at least indicate in its four main divisions the history of those ten years of work.

His headquarters were naturally Goa, and there he remained from May to the end of September, returning thither at intervals. With the exception of its Franciscan Bishop and his devoted friends, nearly everything was against him. Even they had nearly despaired. The Christianity of the colony was all but a mere farce. In the background a sensual and bloodthirsty idolatry still lurked. Natives were sold into a ferocious and degrading slavery, for trifling sums, on the very steps of Cathedral and Government House. The meanest Portuguese scullion regarded himself as their natural lord. Private houses became mere brothels, the churches mere bazaars. In all India, scarce two or three priests preached; save in the capital, the huge diocese went almost without Mass. No law of marriage or of business contract survived. Officials either were the worst transgressors, or wrote frantic letters home, which still survive, denouncing the prevalent corruption, for which they were speedily murdered if their appeal became known, or recalled if it did not. Bankrupt

in money and morals, despite a certain simmering upkeep of the gayer functions of religion, the colony was in so shocking a condition that again and again Francis cries in agony that the Europeans are the worst enemies of themselves, of the natives, and of their faith.

From September, 1542, to December, 1544, lasted the mission of Cape Comorin. Thirteen times altogether will Xavier, the worst of sailors, make this pirate-harassed journey of six hundred miles and more. Here he devotes himself to the pearl-fisheries with their Christian Paravar population, lost in a jungle of the worst forms of Hindu superstition, knowing nothing of Christianity save some prayers. Tutikorin was his headquarters; here he began to form his catechetical method, and create the very language in which to convey to his neophytes the new truths. Here, too, he first encountered Brahmins, the problem of caste, the necessity of philosophical alertness in one who would convert these dreamers, and of asceticism in one who would face these seeming saints. One Brahmin only he converted; though as to the commoner folk, his arm fell weary with baptizing them. In his hut of planks and palm-leaves he makes but a brief stay. No village of that wide district but he

visits and revisits, establishing catechumenates. He organizes a whole police, a whole code; he all but suppresses the arack-swilling which rots these poor folks' nerves. He treats in person with, and turns back, the marauding Badagas; is sent for by the Rajah of Travancore, and, in a month's stay among his piratical subjects, in that pestilent region of dysentery, malaria, and elephantiasis, he makes and arranges for an immense number of converts. In 1545 the mission contained probably some 30,000 faithful. He returned via Cochin to Goa.*

* I wish once and for all to emphasize that I do not discuss the value and durability of these conversions. I would, however, recall a few guiding notions or facts. First, Francis and his fellow-missioners were quite well aware of the fleeting character of certain sorts of "conversion." They had nothing to learn herein from the acutest modern critic. There was no naïve optimism of that sort about them. Further, their methods of conversion differed totally from those which result in "curry converts." Again, their catechetical instruction was accurate and long-continued, and always being improved. Again, their treatment of the made convert was drastic (when necessary) to an astonishing degree. At the same time they presented a spectacle of self-sacrifice probably in no sort of way approached before or since. Again, Francis worked miracles (*cf. infra*, p. 167). It became a standing argument with the natives, when Dutch and other Protestants invited them to change their faith: "Work miracles

December, 1544, to September, 1545, with a brief stay at Goa, was given to the mission of Ceylon. The Cingalese pearl-fishers wished to follow the example of their Paravar comrades. The "massacre of Manar" annihilated this infant Church. "Ah, Ceylon, Ceylon!" he was once heard to cry. "How much Christian blood thou shalt cost!" During this episode Francis created a problem for his biographers. He appealed frankly to the support of the Portuguese fleet for the capture of the persecuting centre, Jaffnapatam, and the forcible enthronement of a Christian Rajah. Similarly on the mainland he thoroughly

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such as Father Francis worked, then we may listen." The challenge, naturally, was never taken up. And, finally, his converts did persevere. Sometimes they dwindled in numbers and hold on faith, owing to lack of priests: Francis was badly backed. Constantly they were simply wiped out in thousands by persecution. This is especially true for Japan. Often they have survived, and to our own day have held firm, even priestless, to the outline of their faith. His action, too, presupposes the *essential* value of baptism, and the eternal and *supernatural* consequences of conversion to the individual soul. To Christianize was not, for him, merely to civilize. One law let us lay down: Francis's work must be appreciated on its own evidence, and not from what experience of modern foreign missions supplies.

approved of the introduction of the Inquisition. We may briefly observe that when we rebuke these and the like events, partly we are asking Francis to think 300 years ahead of his time; even more, we are probably misconstruing the data, especially as regards the Inquisition. Everybody approved of it in theory. Its personal and individual procedure was what in certain definite localities was unpopular. As to the admission of force, undoubtedly Portugal considered itself, and was considered by Xavier, the predestined conqueror of the East. Undoubtedly the King and even his people felt they had the *duty* of introducing Christianity together with their armies. Modern neutrality (which really is due less to respect for liberty of conscience abroad than to indifferentism at home) would have been quite simply unthinkable to them. They believed that to "compel them to come in" was feasible, and if feasible, obligatory. That the subordinate officials, out merely to make money, behaved shockingly by the natives, Francis was the first to cry aloud, and the King, to whom he cried it, the first to hope to rectify. Moreover, Francis was right in asking protection, even armed, for his neophytes. To give up making Christians, or to support

them when made, or to establish a Christian King, were the only alternatives to persecution. Francis could be energetic and even stern; but of his personal sweetness and endless self-sacrifice no one doubted. Frankly, for the time little could be done in the island. From his missions in Cochin, Negapatam, and San Thomé, he already heard Malacca calling him.

From September, 1545, to December, 1547, he hovered around that distant peninsula. Malacca was then undefeated by the rivalry of Singapore, and was the key to the Far East. In its atmosphere of sensuous indolence Xavier lived, as usual, in his palm-leaf hut, and slept on the ground, his head on a black stone. At first his whole effort was to brace the Christians into some semblance, at least, of self-discipline. Nowhere did he work harder, nowhere with less results. The insidious soft air sapped his bases. But you will observe how, as Paul did, Francis studied the trade-routes, and, imperially minded, sought for diffusive centres of action, like Philippi, and it was at Malacca he gathered his first real knowledge of the Chinese Empire. From Malacca he started for the precious group of "spice islands," Amboina, just west of New Guinea. Storm, and

pirates and channels labyrinthine with reef and sand-bank escorted him on his way to a population of the low Papuan type, whom he pursued into their mountainous recesses, through jungles whose damp air swarmed with insects and reeked with the clove. Only by loud singing could Xavier draw these timid creatures from their huts. The head-hunters of Borneo, Sumatra, and elsewhere, the cannibalism and insane immoralities of Ceram, for instance, failed to quell his hope, while never deluding his judgment on the present. Spaniard and Portuguese, circling the globe in opposite directions, and meeting in these seas, had decided to keep each to their Archipelago, Philippines and Moluccas respectively. This year storm, famine, epidemic, drove the Spanish fleet down into the Moluccas. It was a whole mission-field for Francis, and how glad a one! In the rival nation he meets his countrymen. . . . It is now he writes that line of self-revelation, when he tells his brothers at home how, from the letters they send him, he has cut out their signatures, and carries them about, with his formula of vows, upon his heart. Thus, " through the multitude of the business " came the " dream " of what he had left, and amid the crowding nationalities

of his travels the man felt himself still lonely. June, 1546, to April, 1547, he spent in the North Moluccas, Ternate, Tidore, Moretai, Riao; always in volcanic activity, the mud-fountains, explosions, dust-clouds of these places made them in repute a perfect hell, with which the brutal character of their inhabitants was in keeping. All that was possible was done to keep Francis back. He went, and his work was one long consolation. He knew that, however brutalized, yet for them Christ had died. Each soul was as precious, then, as was His Blood. Thrice shipwrecked, his possessions lost, more than once starving, attacked by the Mohammedans, forced to hide from the natives for several days in the bush, his stay there was pure happiness. "I cannot remember being happier anywhere else, nor more continuously. . . . These islands ought to be called the *Isles of Hope in God.*" Long afterwards he will repeat that his three months in Moretai were the happiest in his life, for never had human help been so utterly denied; never had he been so alone with God. He returned to Malacca, having left wherever he had passed a memory such that he was called, sufficiently for all to recognize, the *Padre Santo.* But as on his outward voyage

his imagination had been fired by what he heard of China, so now Japan for the first time dawned fully on his dreams.* No phenomenon is more ascertained in Xavier's life than that of second sight. His knowledge of the death of Peter Favre about this time seems otherwise inexplicable. Anyhow, many other cases are as well evidenced as anything can be. Thus, after his declaration of the Portuguese victory over a native tribe in the River Parlës at 9 a.m. on December 4, 1547, while he was preaching in panic-haunted Malacca, nothing could persuade the folk he was not infallible. The detailed stories of his miracles are fascinating, and have a certain homely *cachet* peculiar to themselves. The evidence for them, treated once as though homogeneous, varies, however, from the irrefutable to the historically worthless. Father Brou's sober evaluation of it renders his criticism of the unscientific attacks of Mr. Dick-

* An idea of a priest's position in the Moluccas is gathered from Xavier's pointing out that three years and nine months at least were necessary for an answer to reach Rome from those islands. Thus: Rome to India, eight months; eight months' wait before ships sailed for the Moluccas; twenty-one months to the Moluccas and back; eight more home to Europe. All this supposes uninterruptedly favourable conditions.

son-White, in a notorious volume, very telling. The more cautiously we accept the sensational, the more boldly we can assert the substantial residuum. Xavier's miracles are undoubted, because, unless we assume them, we have effects without cause—the tradition, the conversions, and the eye-witness. The earliest Jesuit and ecclesiastical critics were as rigorous as could be wished. In the childhood of a Church these signs have, indeed, always "followed them that do believe" and preach the Catholic faith. Else they neither happen nor are claimed.

January, 1548, to May, 1549, was spent in India. Some of the Jesuits there, accustomed to Ignatius, immovable at Rome, serene, working through others, ever at his desk, accustomed, too, to their regular hours, meals, and, above all, siesta, could not put up with the whirlwind activity of Francis. . . .* Like

* Indeed, save Cæsar and Napoleon, has any general in the annals of warfare showed such bewildering rapidity of motion as did Francis, and, above all, such indefatigability? Why was not his body shaken to pieces by these forced marches, these aching tramps through jungles, up mountains, on sandy shores? This series of sea-journeys, racked by nausea, in open boats? These nights rarely more than three or four hours long? This diet of a rigour unknown to modern dyspeptics—the meals of rice

some moderns, they could understand neither the exigencies of the Basque temperament nor the work of pioneering. But Xavier's activity was never feverish nor self-deluded by a futile multiplicity of unfinished, ill-assured enterprises. The whole of this year is spent on revisiting Cochin, the Fisheries, probably Kandy, and in establishing the work there in train. His organization of the prisons, hospitals, leper settlements, his development of the College of St. Paul at Goa for the formation of a native clergy, his elaborate negotiations with Rome, Lisbon, and the local officials, display a masterly hand and a grasp of details which no imperial view of the wider issues, the universal horizon, could confuse. Add to this devouring energy, which to those unprepared to copy it, might seem alarming, the tenderest, keenest affection for persons and places. His pathetic delight in letters from home; his prostration once when the mail

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and water, water and rice, a few bamboo shoots, but ever and always rice, thread Francis's tale together, though, by the way, it is not he who alludes to them, but his astonished and carnivorous friends—these stern penances even to blood? At least, even before these few years were out, his thick hair had gone snow-white.

came and contained nothing from Ignatius for him; his whole-hearted welcome of anyone from Europe; his enthusiastic joy over new recruits, make it plain that if everyone fell so promptly in love with Francis, it was because of the spontaneous, irrepressible affection with which he met them. Everyone . . . ? Well, shall I say that those very few who did not love St. Francis could scarcely (as to my reading) tolerate him ? To St. Francis no one could remain indifferent. A few held out, almost hating him. Most gave in at once, hands down.

Certainly his methods were refreshing. In dealing with difficult cases, his one policy was what he called " going in by their door in order to come out by his own." He " talked navy " with sailors, tactics with soldiers, commerce with the merchants. His knowledge of astronomy was new; on the decks of ships, during evening strolls, he fascinated his companions by odd information about the stars. " Where is this extraordinary man ?" asked Diogo de Noronha, a fellow-passenger. He was dicing with a notorious rake. " That, a saint ?" cried Noronha, who, though bluff, was a person of ideals. " He is a priest like the rest." At the first halt Xavier disem-

barked. Where was he going? Noronha sent a man to spy. He returned, thoroughly upset. "Let Noronha come. . . ." He followed, and found Francis, in a palm-grove, in an ecstasy of prayer. . . . His audacities take our breath away, and seriously flustered his contemporaries. At Goa no one, one may say, lived correctly in the married state. Xavier, meeting the worst offenders in the street, stopped them, made friends, ended by asking himself to dinner—no formalities; why might he not look in at once . . . ? He came. The nervous host looked anxiously to see how he would take the company—the servants. Francis was charming to everyone, and said nothing. The Portuguese, relieved, invited him again. "And how are your sisters?" Xavier would begin; or he would ask to see the children, and then their mother . . . or he refused gallantly to taste a morsel till he should have been introduced to his hostess. Our wonder is that he was not knifed a dozen times during his first stay in Goa. But the rather crude temperament of the Goanese welcomed these sanctified impertinences enthusiastically; he nearly always got his own way. His overwhelmingly clear view separated right and wrong with razor-clean stroke; that done,

he was no prude nor Pharisee. On his way to Ceylon a notorious gambler was on board. Xavier's presence seemed to be the signal for him to lose. He lost, first, every penny; he staked his baggage, and lost. The ship rang with his blasphemous uproar. "What," said Francis, who was saying Office below, "is all that noise?" He was told. He took out a handful of coins. "Give him these," said he, "and tell him to try again. This time he'll be luckier." The sailor laughed, played again, and won back everything. Stupefied, he came to Francis, confessed, and lived (as the witness, an old soldier, tells) like a Christian ever afterwards.*

* Xavier's power of altering a man by one absolution was often commented upon. However, his softer measures sometimes failed. Earlier on this journey he had made friends with a soldier of licentious life. To any allusion to religion he was deaf; at a hint of the duty of confession he burst into laughter. At Cananore, Xavier disembarked and asked him to come for a stroll. Suddenly, in a palm-grove, Xavier knelt down, stripped, and flogged himself savagely till the blood flowed. "This is for you," said he. "I would do anything to save you; but you cost Christ infinitely more. O God, by the blood of your Son, save this soul." "This *is* for me!" cried the soldier, wrenching away the scourge. "I am conquered." This kind of scene is easily paralleled from the Saint's life. Strange to our

You will observe that Francis took these paths of pleasantness only when his psychologist's eye saw that he must move by them or by none, though it is perfectly true that these anecdotes might be capped a score of times. It is certain that he used again and again to watch, for instance, the soldiers at their gambling, and once, when they thought that decency demanded them to cease, on the padre's approach, he deliberately told them not to stop enjoying themselves; they weren't meant to behave like monks.* When, however, he had to deal with Brahmin and other ascetics, he set no limits to his abstinence.

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modern mind, it demands that we remember that these men all had, in the last resort, the same belief as Francis. He had to smash his way through a crust of indifferentism to a living soul within. In a sense his task was easier than ours; for here the problem is, how often, to enkindle life itself. Yet not easy is it for anyone, at any time, to scourge his skin to tatters. And at night Francis will lie, at best, upon a strip of cocoanut fibre, no salve to bleeding shoulders!

* Frankly, we regret the non-existence at that time of healthy, traditional, absorbing, *non-religious* amusements. It is splendid to hear of a crew, a garrison, a town, abandoning songs for psalms, and gambling for visits to the church. But we know it won't last, and oughtn't to. A quantity of innocent natural amusements should be demanded by public sentiment.

At Goa he would dine out constantly, and praise the cooking, the crockery, the cook. . . . In Buddhist monasteries he outfasted the most rigorous of the pagan ascetics, to whom eating in the European priest would have been a scandal. Herein St. Paul was again his model. Similarly, his mind changed entirely as to the expediency of having a learned clergy in India. He had thought at first that the simpler, the less bemused with theology, his recruits, the better. Later, he wrung his hands over the knowledge running to waste in Europe, the vapourings of philosophers in Paris. They were needed, he was convinced, a hundred times over to argue with the Brahmin and the Bonze. It may be doubted whether the Aristotelianized brain has the slightest chance even of starting to deal with or create ideas as does the Hindu. Buddhism, superficially like some of the trappings of Christianity—dazzlingly so to the uninstructed traveller—baffles in reality even the beginning of argument on Western lines. Still, we see Francis's magnificent first principle—that you must fight your adversary or win your friend on his own ground. Rapiers cannot cope with bombs, nor can you bully a man into belief.

Connected with this was his most modern-

minded preparation for his mission to Japan. Again, no idea of swooping like an Archangel from the blue, ready to sweep aside all that "the heathen in his blindness" worshipped, in order to offer him in place a Bible or a *Summa* to swallow whole. First, the most careful study of Japanese religions, close interrogation of Japanese students, and, indeed, the conversion and ordination, after prolonged instruction, of three Japanese young men. Later, the learning by heart of St. Matthew's Gospel, and the writing of it out in Japanese; the translation of the Commandments, Creed, and Christian prayers into that tongue. All that courtesy, all that toleration could devise, all that modern scientific methods could reasonably suggest, Xavier foresaw and carried out. Here is no mad missionary, jangling a bell down the street, calling out unintelligible formulæ, pouring water on to astonished natives, and then leaving them to apostatize from what they have never believed. Yet such has been the picture painted by those, whose interest it was, of Francis Xavier.

Do we not perceive in this the difference between the priest who is a man of the world and the priest who is worldly? The latter is, I own, detestable, nowadays especially. In

Francis's time there was, in a sense, scope for great prelates. They could take their position with an air. Now Bishops no longer order their tombs at St. Praxed's, and perhaps just as well. But the imitation of a bad thing is surely doubly damned! Leaving that, let us say that Francis, in his extreme personal poverty and abnegation, was essentially a man of the world. He had family, looks, physique, University training, and infinite *savoir faire*. Who shall reproach him for making use of it all? The Curé d'Ars was other than St. Francis. We love him, too, but with a different kind of love. Extreme innocence, simplicity, unlettered naïveness, incredible aloofness from the interests of what, for all but one in a thousand men, means "life," may quell and even charm the soul into submission. Still, for the "approach," Francis's method, be a man but Saint enough to use it, is at least the more attractive, and, under God, not less successful. For it were folly to forget or disguise that Francis was a man a-brim with God. In all his irrepressible boyish gaiety, his chaff, his absurd enthusiastic methods, his canny devices, his work, his penance, he looked out upon the world, himself, and his own action, as through a glass of God.

In May he started for Malacca, and arrived for once not having been sea-sick, and in the highest spirits. He was *sure* of Japan . . . it was his Promised Land. He talked of emptying other missions to supply its needs; he wrote half-summoning Rodriguez. . . . Suddenly the skies clouded. These vivid temperaments have quick and keen reactions. A body bruised and buffeted matters little if the soul be serene. Real martyrdoms are in the mind. Francis suffered his first scruples. Was it, after all, self-will that was taking him to Japan? Then in that Chinese junk, endlessly dilatory, save when, as more than once, pursued by pirates, he saw Chinese idolatry close and constantly, and for the first time. To Francis, not alone grotesque, hideous, and savage were these rites, but diabolical. For Francis, the Devil and all his hosts of malignant spirits were continually and personally duping and warring upon humanity. Disgusted and heart-heavy at first, he passed soon through paroxysms of downright fear. "That day and the following night our Lord granted me the supreme grace of feeling and learning by experience and to the uttermost the agonizing and appalling fears which, when God allows it, the enemy can inspire." Francis had

his Dark Night, his Gethsemani. He, too, *cœpit taedere, et pavere, et maetus esse*—tedium, and fear, and grief. He conquered, and in August, 1549, after many an opportunity (thrust on him by a Captain only too anxious to halt or turn back) of abandoning the voyage, he sailed beneath the volcanoes of Kiusiu, and landed at Kagoshima on the Feast of the Assumption.

Conversions were very slow. Here Francis "fished with the rod, not the net." Still, the Samurai and the Japanese ideal of chivalry enchanted him. He had long talks with the bonzes, who were mostly courteous, sometimes angrily jealous. He considered his Japanese converts his "pets." In September Francis went by way of Yamaguchi to the then Imperial city, Miyako (Kioto), the "Japanese Versailles." The cold became bitter; the barefooted traveller's flesh was rain-sodden and frost-bitten. At night Francis gave up his bed-coverings to the others. What recurs in the history of this period is the mention of the ridicule the missionaries were subjected to—at least, by the common folk. Elsewhere, abuse, attack; here, mockery. At Miyako his visit was ill-timed. Civil war had reduced the district to destruction. The living idol, the

Mikado, passed his fantastic existence hidden in his palace-shrine. He was poverty-stricken, aged, and abandoned. The Shogun, the political generalissimo, was a frightened, helpless boy. The foreign madmen haunted the palace steps, till jeers and stones drove them from the city. In the frozen month of February they returned to Yamaguchi.

Francis changed his tactics. He presented himself to the Governor as Portuguese Ambassador from Goa, and bore presents with him, which were accepted. Japanese records still tell of the clock which "struck exactly twelve times by day and twelve by night, a musical instrument which played all by itself [it was a sort of spinet], and glasses for the eyes, thanks to which an old man can see as distinctly as a youth." Liberty to preach and be converted was placarded at Yamaguchi. The Samurai listen, the people jeer, the few converts are admirable. Much downright controversy is required. The Creation must be asserted against all Buddhist and other tales of impersonal absorptions and re-emanations of the All. The future life must be put in its true light to the followers of Shinto. Will ancestor-worship prove help or hindrance? Over the moral law the chief difficulties rise.

The bonzes are Pharisees, and Xavier penetrates the whited sepulchre. . . . It is interesting to see Xavier here, and on his visit to Bungo, using the rich stoles, the sandals, the parasol which he decided were necessary to impress the official caste. Directly his back was turned, persecution broke out at Yamaguchi. The missionaries had to hide in a pagoda. Himself, when in November, 1551, Francis left Japan, he had done little or nothing of what he had dreamed. From 1,500 to 2,000 Christians were left behind him. Yet he departed happy and high in hope. Nor was he deceived. These islands have put the most glorious of chapters into Christian history, and no soil has been redder with martyrs' blood.

On his return to India he found himself appointed by Ignatius Provincial of the Indies. Till April, 1552, therefore, he occupied himself with domestic politics, which do not interest us. On the whole, all was going well. The Christian native settlements were persevering and increasing. He went "confirming the Churches."

V.

CHINA AND DEATH

"That which I chose, I choose;
That which I willed, I will;
That which I once refused, I still refuse:
O hope deferred, be still.
That which I chose and choose
And will is Jesu's Will:
He hath not lost his life who seems to lose:
O hope deferred, hope still."

C. ROSSETTI.

ALMOST exactly eleven years after Xavier's departure from Lisbon, and ten after his arrival in India, he left Goa for China (about April 25, 1552). He made it clearly understood that his friends were to see his face no more. Notice that China to a Portuguee was a forbidden land.

After shipwreck, epidemic, infinite red-tape and domestic difficulties at Malacca, and downright persecution from officialdom, at last, in July, Francis left Singapore. In August he arrived at the island of San-Cian, opposite the

mouths of the Si-kiang, on which Canton is situated. There Portuguese trading-ships could anchor, but no one would take the responsibility of shipping him across to China. He could see the coast but a few leagues distant. It was drawing his soul into itself. October came. He was still there waiting, and eating his heart out. The hideous tortures of Chinese prisons were rehearsed to him. He saw the effects in a Portuguese prisoner of some of them. Still, he was determined. Into China at all costs he must break. And lo! in this very month, when he before death tasted something of death's agony, was born in Italy the Jesuit, Matteo Ricci, who should, in fact, win through into Pekin. Meanwhile, a slight recurrent shivering-fit fatigued him. He took medicine, and was better. From San-Cian the trading-junks begin to sail away. To follow Francis into China are left only a Malabar servant and a Chinese boy. Xavier sends letters home. One week more, and he is sure to be in China. . . . He has bribed a Canton merchant-ship to carry him across. . . . Soon he will be a prisoner at Canton, or possibly in the Siamese Embassy to Pekin. November is come. On the 13th Xavier writes once more: "Shall I reach China? I cannot tell. . . .

Everything is against it. . . ." Henceforward the Chinese boy relates the tale minutely. Nearly all the Portuguese were gone. The *Santa Croce*, in which the Saint had come, rode almost solitary at anchor in the bay. On the northern hills, in a straw-thatched hut, Xavier awaited his Canton merchantman, begging a rare crust from the Portuguese who remained on board, and were themselves badly off for food. The 19th, on which date the merchant was due, came, but not the merchant. Two days passed; still he did not come. With the failure of hope, Xavier's strength gave way. He fell sick. In the evening of the 22nd, Xavier thought he would be better on board. Provisions where he was were unobtainable. But it grew suddenly colder. The ship rolled. Francis's temperature rose alarmingly. Next day he returned to shore, finding the ship intolerable. He brought with him a pair of socks, for an appalling headache rendered bare feet a torture. A charitable Portuguee took him across the bay to his more comfortable hut and bled him. Francis fainted, and on recovery could not eat. On Thursday, the 24th, he was bled again, and fainted once more, and was for a brief space delirious. In his delirium he returned (so it seems almost cer-

tain) to his childhood's language, Basque. Yet even so a grave serenity possessed him. Again and again he repeated in Latin: "But do Thou have mercy on my iniquities and my sins"; and "Jesus, Son of David, have mercy upon me"; and "Mother of God, remember me." All this Thursday and Friday the Saint, having the Name of Jesus constantly on his lips, spoke little else, and gave no trouble at all. On the Friday the Malabar servant went back to the ship. There no anxiety was displayed. The Captain made him a gift of some almonds, which Francis could not eat.

On Saturday, the 26th, Francis fixed his eyes on the Malabar. "Ah, alas for thee!" he murmured. "Ah, alas for thee! alas for thee! what grief thou causest me!" And thereafter said no more.*

The night closed in, and Francis, speechless now, but conscious, lay with his eyes fixed on a Crucifix fastened to a post. The Chinaman had covered him as well as he could, but the sides of the hut were a mere wooden framework; the palm-leaf thatch was in fragments; the wind blew at its will over the dying man, and, setting the flame of the little lamp flaring

* This man apostatized, lived in licence, and died from an unforeseen shot from an arquebus.

and flickering, tossed the shadows wildly around the bed, where Francis lay rigid, with his white face and shining eyes fixed open. Through the openings in the hut's side came the ceaseless sound of waves. Beyond, drowned in the darkness, lay the innumerable islands and inlets made by the Si-kiang, and doubly hidden behind them Canton. Across this vision, which the staring eyes of Francis needed no light to see, were stretched the arms of his Crucifix. Muffled in his cloak, the Chinaman crouched beside him to watch the night out.

When a man is drowning, his whole life, they say, files before him in vivid reminiscence. The Chinaman, watching this death, could form no fancy of what Xavier's life had been; but the Saint, offering his life, now finishing, to God, could not but perceive, and once more judge, the lives he so easily might have lived, and had not lived. He saw the grim little castle, undismantled yet, in the brown hills, and the sky tingling with Spanish sunlight, and the children praying in the austere church, romping by the river, and himself running and leaping. That, of course, could not last, nor had he hoped or wished it should. The scene shifted, and he saw the fantastic architecture of the crowded

University colleges at Paris, with high roofs blocking out the sky, and the sudden brawls by taverns, and the hateful laughter of midnight lovers, and the thronged lecture-halls rocking with applause at display of scholastic subtlety of erudition. Paris must have seemed nearer to him than much else in his life, so constantly did his thoughts and words recur to it. True adolescence has its problems of sex and of theology, its ambitious dreams and choices of career, and of these mysteries, so new, so absorbing for a young man's unaccustomed brain, some will endure through life—but, even when difficult to deal with, no more as new, unique, unshared. Xavier had made his decision. Marriage he would put aside, and God's law for his body he would obey. To God's revelation he would yield his mind and will, and live as a loyal Catholic. Here had been much renouncement. But self-sacrifice grows by practice; a new perspective forms; God and the soul are realized, not now as topics in theology, but as peremptory realities, demanding immediate and privileged attention. The man who shall alter Xavier's life comes into it, he effects the enormous change, and the whole of Paris, too, is left behind. For Francis, all of that agitated interspace, with its trampings of Italy, its

hospitals, its ordination, Rome itself, is Ignatius. For so brief a time really understood, really "in communion"; for so few months to have lived actually under one roof with him for "familiar friend," to have walked with him in the House of the Lord as friends. . . . At this very moment Ignatius was there, thousands of leagues away, through the dark, awake and working, not guessing (it would seem) that his friend had finished the work God had given him to do. . . . Ignatius had been a brief enough space in Francis's actual companionship. He had entered his society, and very soon had left it, and now he in his turn was being left. Between them, and upon one another, these men had accomplished a vast spiritual work. It was finished, and must be handed on to God. Then followed the year's journey out to India, the Fisheries, Ceylon. A hive of Christian energy would continue there, and he not there. India was far away from Malacca, from the Moluccas, and they themselves were far now, and not to be revisited. Japan appeared to him. Knowing that bulk of achievement counts for nothing, and that to be treated as a fool was the lot of his Master, Christ, whose Name he had hoped to preach there, Xavier could suffer this vision

undisturbed. China came next, the huge Empire, more than any place, he had somehow felt, a stronghold whence Satan must be routed. With that ever-alluring, ever-hostile country in his eyes, he was told that this was not for him, that he must fold up the map of seas and continents, and stay at home henceforward.

Even for a Saint, skilled in detachment, it must be a solemn thing to hear that. . . . "That which I have done, do Thou within Thyself make pure." He has done so much, and so little. The more God may through him have done, the more he knows will have been his own blunders and hinderings, the only total to be scored down to his peculiar account. Even gratitude, even joy, even peace, at that moment cannot but be awestruck, solemn, and trusting for forgiveness.

Did Francis know the ultimate agony which God will often ask from the man who has given up one life or many lives for the sake of that life which is meaningless if to work for God be not the supremely best of lives? Did he feel that temptation, which is no assault, as it were, upon the walls and towers of the soul's citadels, but the very withdrawal and crumbling of its foundations, the sick doubt as to whether,

after all, not this or that detail of life's plan had been well or ill realized, but whether the whole business had been right at all, whether the initial choice ought ever to have been thought of, whether God ever asked anything at all of the soul? Whether mortals were meant to introduce all this manner of dream into life's business, and for the dream renounce the ordinary career of men? We cannot tell whether this subtlest of all faith's trials, this falling away of all over the abyss save the supporting Hand of God, was now allowed to Francis. If it were, his martyrdom was indeed fulfilled. Certainly all other comfort was denied him. Perhaps enough, however, had already been endured. He may have been enabled to look at the vision of his life, one long series of deplorable and most tragic errors, unless God and His service were, indeed, the one thing in the world, without that dreadful doubt. Be all that as it may, the faith and hope and love which had sustained him throughout it, sustained him now, whether in peace or in desolation would not matter long.

At two o'clock, when the winds and waters were restless, Francis, too, stirred. The unmistakable change touched his features. The vigilant Chinaman rose, and put a candle into the

anxious hand, and held it there. After a brief struggle Francis Xavier died, without priest or Sacrament, attended by one Chinese servant-boy, unwatched save for his silent Crucifix.

The body was buried next day at two in the afternoon of Sunday, November 27, 1552, in a large chest. It had already been let down into the trench they dug for it, when a mulatto suggested the filling of the chest with quicklime. It was brought back to the surface, four sacks of quicklime were emptied into it, and it was once more let down into the grave. On the trampled earth a few stones were placed to mark the spot. The Chinaman, two mulattoes, and one Portuguee performed this burial. The others found it too cold to leave their ship or their huts. But humiliated thus in death by his fellow-men, Death spared him her own humiliations.

The *Santa Croce* was not to sail till February. The Chinaman, indignant that it should leave the body behind, protested. If the quicklime had done its work, the Captain answered, the skeleton might accompany the ship. The chest was disinterred. The body was as pure and fragrant as when it had first been buried. . . . An incision was made: blood flowed. The Captain himself, like the centurion, praised

God. In March Malacca was sighted. A skiff carried on the news that Francis was coming home. For all save the official who so savagely withstood the Saint in his lifetime, his return was a triumph. All Malacca venerated the body, carried in procession, and laid in state in the Cathedral. More brilliant of countenance than in life, Francis smiled from his daïs on his folk. A grave—too short—was dug near the altar; the bent body was interred coffinless, by Malacca custom, in its vestments, a cushion under the head, a veil over the face. By March, 1553, India had heard of the death. In August it was confirmed. Again in that month the body, still untainted by earth's cruelties, though bruised somewhat by the carelessness of man, was exhumed, and placed in an honourable house previous to its last voyage to India. On December 11 it set sail. In Ceylon, again, the coffin was opened, and again at Batticaloa. Everywhere ecstatic enthusiasm greeted the loved Saint, whose face those populations had never thought to see again. At Goa, Passion Week became high festival. From the little Church of Our Lady of Ribandar children, dancing and garlanded, soldiers, priests, cripples and sick, all the populace of every race and colour, escorted Francis home

in a cloud of incense, a rain of falling petals, a tempest of bells and hymns. Not for three days and nights would the frenzied crowds suffer the entombment of the body.

But I am not to tell of the strange history of those relics, nor the continued life of Francis, by power of prayer, in the Church and in the lands he evangelized. I have tried to picture this honourable Basque gentleman whom God made so much more than merely honourable, who controlled his human nature so as to make not only its own natural best of it, in use of body and of brain, but to make it the willing and fit servant of that higher self which God Himself infuses into His elect, and which is the ever fuller incorporation with Christ. The two selves, triumphantly associated, are yet to the end most clearly discernible in their harmony, and now that the eternal crown of approbation has been placed upon the brow of the good and faithful servant, we may still fearlessly picture to ourselves St. Francis with his clear quick look of alert intelligence, his firm lips, and resolute hands — lips smiling and eyes flashing boyishly as ever, despite the hair gone white.

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